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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ABOUT RUN DOWN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

THE CREDIT OF DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS.

NEVER has the ability of the American people to govern themselves intelligently and honestly been put to a severer test than in the impending Presidential election. Not even the struggle which was decided by the civil war subjected it to so significant a trial. The question then was whether a democratic government had the power to maintain its own existence and the territorial integrity of the country against a great armed insurrection, or whether, owing to the nature of its Constitution, it lacked that power. In answer to this question the inherent strength of democratic government was gloriously vindicated. The question now before us is far more grave. It concerns not merely the power of the government. It is whether the people, enabled by universal suffrage to determine the policy of their government, can be depended upon to use that power with an intelligent understanding of the public interest and with a just regard for the rights of all, or whether the old and often-repeated prediction of the unbelievers in the democratic principle is true, that in a democracy the time will inevitably come when those who possess less will array themselves against those who possess more, and by an unscrupulous employment of the power of the majority upset the existing order of society, and inaugurate a policy of spoliation and lawlessness under the guise of law.

The turn which the present Presidential campaign has taken cannot have escaped any attentive observer. It is well understood all over the civilized world. We are no longer engaged in a calm and careful discussion of different financial policies, weighing argument against argument with discriminating reason as to the consequences which the adoption of this or that policy would bring in its train. For many weeks we have heard from the free-coinage side hardly anything but furious denunciations of a mysterious money power, ranting excitations of the prejudice against England, and reckless appeals to the "debtor class," to laborers and farmers, to punish and put under their feet the bankers, and "syndicates," and "monopolists," and "money-changers," in which designations are included all those citizens who think that it will be best for the public interest to preserve the present standard of values. And the only tangible reason given for these appeals is that the persons so denounced have for many years robbed "the common people" of their substance by means of that standard of values and in other ways, and that in some manner these so-called robbers should now be made to disgorge. All arguments showing ever so clearly that the accusations so put forth should be more carefully examined as to their justice, or that wherever real cause for complaint exists the remedy cannot be found in the financial policy proposed, are simply answered by a repetition of the same furious denunciations, appeals, and cries. And the man who is the most vociferous and reckless in those efforts to inflame prejudice, passion, and cupidity is the candidate for the Presidency, who thus hopes to win for himself the place of highest honor and greatest power in the republic. If Mr. BRYAN should, in spite of the glaringly demagogical character of his canvass, have the countenance and support of a majority of the citizens of the United States, it is greatly to be feared that the revolutionary element of our population gathered around Mr. BRYAN's banner would be encouraged to proceed even far beyond the alarming propositions of Mr. BRYAN's platform.

We are thus face to face with the crisis predicted by the doubters as to the practicability of democratic government on a great scale. That crisis could hardly present itself in a more undisguised form. It might, indeed, in case of Mr. BRYAN's election, be said that many Democrats voted for him as the regular candidate of their party in obedience to mere party spirit, without wishing to indicate by their votes any approval on their part of his dangerous principles. But this will not better the case, for it would only serve to show that democratic institutions are apt to develop a party spirit which is entirely indifferent to the public good, and therefore in its essence incompatible with good citizenship. It might also be said that many voters supported Mr. BRYAN without appreciating the pernicious meaning of his teachings and the dangerous consequences of his election. But this would better the case just as little, because it would only show that under democratic institutions the public welfare and honor are in the extremest sense at the mercy of popular ignorance. In whatever way we may turn it, we cannot escape the conclusion that the election of Mr. BRYAN would be a blow at the credit of democratic institutions in the opinion of the civilized world, recovery from which would be very problematical—indeed, the greatest blow democratic institutions have ever received, for they have never been tried under circumstances so auspicious as in this new country where neither hostile powers nor hampering traditions impeded their development.

If, on the other hand, Mr. BRYAN is defeated by an emphatic vote, it will be a great vindication of democratic government. It will prove that while there may be demagogues and rascals and dupes among a free people like ours, the great mass of the people mean to do right, and, occasional mistakes and meanderings notwithstanding, are intelligent enough to discover in the end what is right; that appeals to prejudice and passion may have their influence with them, but that appeals to their reason, their moral sense, and their patriotism will prove stronger, and finally turn the scale; that even with regard to so puzzling a subject as a monetary problem their minds may sometimes be dazed by selfish suggestions or temporarily confused by the teachings of quacks, but that they at last will find their way out of the maze by following the voice of common-sense and the impulse of honesty; in one word, that on the whole the interests of a great country may safely be confided to the homely wisdom and the rectitude of a free people composed of such elements as ours is. And such a revelation would hardly fail not only greatly to enhance our commercial credit, but to give a new impulse to the cause of free institutions the world over. To produce such an effect it is indeed necessary that the defeat of Mr. BRYAN should be overwhelming. To make it overwhelming every patriotic citizen devoted to republican government should therefore put forth his best efforts.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR SPOLIATION.

MR. BRYAN's campaign for spoliation is nearly at an end. In a few days from this writing the people will have decided whether the socialistic views and theories which thus far have been most potential in Europe are to have their first extended and thorough trial under this government, whose fundamental principles are most opposed to them.

At the front of this campaign is the money question. It was at the front without a rival until within the past few days, when Governor ALTGELD has placed the "free-riot" issue by its side. This last issue is not advanced, however, because its value to the cause of communism has been recently discovered, or because Governor ALTGELD has been recently accepted as one having a right to advance or postpone the issues on which Mr. BRYAN is running for the Presidency. The "free-riot" issue has always appealed very strongly to the minds and the imaginations of Mr. BRYAN and those of his followers who have an intelligent comprehension of the reason for their discontent with the existing order of things, while Governor ALTGELD has been recognized as the ablest man of the Chicago movement since the time when the delegates, who had begun to assemble in that city, learned that the astute chief magistrate of Illinois was in absolute control of the convention. The "free-riot" issue comes to the front in these last days of the campaign because it gratifies the passion for misrule and revolution animating those who give life and energy to the campaign in behalf of Mr. BRYAN.

The money question is one issue in the general BRYAN programme. It is paramount because it has attracted all the honest votes that Mr. BRYAN will receive. But for several weeks it has been evident to the managers of the Chicago ticket that the voters are beginning to understand the money question, and that they are not to be deluded by a candidate ignorant enough to say, as Mr. BRYAN said at Duluth not long ago, "Your dollar buys too much." There has been an ample spread of knowledge on the money question since Mr. BRYAN began his peripatetic campaign. A good many people have found out that low prices do not mean hard times, and are not a curse to the community. A good many wage-earners have had time to recall the days of the war when we had a depreciated currency that would have probably delighted the soul of Mr. BRYAN if he had been old enough to make speeches, and when the purchasing power of wages decreased from 100 in 1860 to 66 in 1865. They can recall also the fact that the "crime of 1873" did not arrest the increase in the purchasing power of wages which set in immediately after the close of the war, but that in 1879, when specie payments were resumed, the average wage-earner was receiving the equivalent of $145' worth instead of $66' worth of the necessaries of life, while in 1891 the purchasing power of wages had risen to 174. Nature, too, has joined the anti-BRYAN forces, and proved that gold is not appreciating; that the price of wheat does not follow the price of silver, for since last July wheat has advanced nearly twenty-five cents a bushel, while silver has declined five cents an ounce. The farmer has also learned that the free coinage of silver in this country cannot relieve him of the competition of the wheat growers of India, Russia, and the Argentine Republic, and that his prosperity will not be advanced either by calling fifty cents a dollar or by cheating his creditor of half his dues, but in the old-fashioned way, the only way in which farmers ever prospered, by the exercise of industry and skill in the practice of the art of husbandry.

The money question, however, appeals to some men who are not concerned with it as an economic question, and they are the men who are responsible for making it a political issue. To them it is simply a chance for spoliation. The silver-miners, not content with the large profits that they are already making, want a government that will give them more. Dishonest debtors want to rob their creditors of half their dues. Dishonest politicians seek to gain favor by advocating the spoliation of the bondholders. Mr. BRYAN is asking the voters to endorse a programme of plunder at next Tuesday's election. Of course he would not think of doing this unless he had convinced himself that the majority of the people of this country are swindlers and cheats. It is difficult to imagine the source of this insulting and contemptuous opinion. Mr. BRYAN surely could not have obtained it in Nebraska, for it is the opinion of a man who lives amid poverty and misery, and who believes that squalor and suffering breed dishonesty and crime. Nebraska has not suffered since the "crime of 1873" was committed. In 1870 there were 25,144 dwelling-houses in the State; in 1890 there were 201,470. In 1870 the State of Nebraska had $956,866 in cash and productive assets; in 1890 it had $3,910,691. In 1870 there were paupers in Nebraska at the rate of 756 to the million, and in 1890 the ratio had decreased to 275 to the million. But wherever Mr. BRYAN obtained his opinion, he evidently believes that the majority of the people of this country are paupers and swindlers, and the people must say whether he is right or not next Tuesday. Knowing the American people and their prosperous circumstances quite as well as Mr. BRYAN, and believing more fully than he does in their honor and integrity, we are confident that he will find himself grievously mistaken.

Mr. BRYAN has other schemes of spoliation in his programme which must be acted upon by the voters next week. He wants to "acquire" the railroads, telegraph, and telephone lines of the country. He wants to use the public moneys taken from the people in the form of taxes for the support—he calls it "employment"—of the idle and thriftless. He is contemplating a war on a large scale against industry and thrift. He is after all accumulations. Accumulations do not consist of the fortunes of millionaires alone, but of the savings of the poor and of the people of moderate means, just as debts are not owed by the farmer alone, but largely by speculators who buy their crops, and mainly by employers who are indebted for wages. Mr. BRYAN's programme is hostile to property. But property does not consist of the palaces of the rich alone. The largest part of the property of this country consists of the homes, farms, and shops of men in moderate circumstances, and Mr. BRYAN cannot make war on property without dragging down the roof-trees of the farmer and the mechanic.

It is because the programme is one of spoliation that Mr. BRYAN and his mentor Governor ALTGELD want "free riot" and a Supreme Court that will obey the passions of the multitude. All this has been casually concealed behind the money question, which, as Mr. BRYAN says, is very simple, for it is a simple scheme of wholesale plunder garbed

in economic fustian. Behind it is the general scheme of spoliation, devised in the interest of those who want, and who are willing to rob those who have. If Mr. BRYAN has any chance of election on such platforms as those that were adopted at Chicago and St. Louis, and after his own and Governor ALTGELD'S principles and purposes have been made clear, the American people are much more degraded than their severest critics have ever imagined them to be.

THE SILVER THREAT TO THE TEACHERS.

If there is any class of our citizens who ought to be exempt from the fluctuations of currency, and be above and beyond the damage which free silver could inflict, it is the American teachers. When one considers the amount of time spent daily in the school-room, the singular combination of faculties and acquirements needful for the equipment of a good teacher, and the money and discipline required before the career is even entered upon, it can be easily seen that no one is more justly entitled than the teachers to a fair and just payment in the best currency known to civilization. As the grade of instruction advances from the primary and intermediate schools to the college and university, and the cost and time in preparation are infinitely greater, the question of justice and right in equivalent payment is all the more serious. As a class, from the lowest to the highest grades, the typical teacher is but meagrely paid.

Now suppose the present salary in every case is cut in two in the middle by the triumph of the silver dollar. What is the immediate result? The teacher must live on fifty cents instead of a dollar.

With all the difficulty of existence with which the teacher now has to contend, his burden would be at once doubled should free silver become a fact.

The amount of instruction now going on in the United States makes this danger one of most alarming character. The number of instructors in the whole country, in all classes of schools, is 432,578, or, in general figures, nearly half a million. The compensation of this faithful, patient, and hard-working class is $144,798,355. Remove our national finances from the present gold basis to that of unlimited silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and supposing the loss to be but forty cents instead of fifty cents, or even fifty-three cents, the disastrous result to our great army of teachers would be an annual loss of $57,919,342.

There is no escape from these facts. The teacher—every teacher from one coast to the other—ought to know that now his silver dollar is as good as gold. It goes for its full value—one hundred cents. Why? Because the government pledge is back of it. The equivalent in pledge or gold lies in the Treasury, and he can draw his dollar in any form he may choose. But let free and unlimited coinage of silver come, and he gets only the intrinsic value of his new silver dollar. There is no government pledge back of it. The mint has stamped on it 100 cents, but the United States Treasury is under no pledge to make good the difference between the intrinsic and the face value. The new dollar falls to its intrinsic value, and no power can make the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker pay him one cent more. The loss must come out of the teacher's already scanty income.

Let no teacher imagine that should free silver prevail in the coming election his salary would be increased. There is not the least hope of such a result. Corporations are slow in generous measures. Salaries would not advance. On the contrary, because of the general financial depression which would certainly pervade every stratum of commercial life every day until the present standard should be restored by an indignant people, the number of teachers would be in danger of being reduced, and the salaries of those retained would be diminished.

The only safe course is for every teacher in the land, in simple self-defence, to look squarely at the danger which threatens. It is not only necessary that the mania for free silver should be defeated at the election, but so thoroughly destroyed that it will never capture any important class of our citizens, much less magnetize and corrupt again a good and honorable party.

MEN NEEDED FOR THE POLICE FORCE.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT complains that people who ought to know better recommend candidates for the police force who are unfit. Even clergymen, he says, send in unworthy applicants, though they have also sent enough good ones to make a clerical recommendation respected by the Commissioners. If any citizen, lay or clerical, has any doubts about the sort of characters the Commissioners want, they will find most of the qualities of the ideal applicant pretty accurately set forth by JAMES BEATTIE about a century ago, to wit—

> "Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
> Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

Possessors of these characteristics who are not under five feet eight inches in height, nor over thirty years of age, will be pretty sure to get on the force, provided they pass the mental examination, which ought not to trouble any one who has had an ordinary common-school education.

The Commissioners wish to appoint nearly 800 new men within the next three months. Citizens who are disposed to assist them to fill out the force by recommending applicants who promise to develop the qualities above poetically set forth should bear in mind for one thing that freedom does not create more than a moderate presumption of innocence. Many rogues are at large, but the Commissioners want none of them. Recommenders should try to make sure that their candidates are not only guiltless of crime, but are of such a disposition and have such a history as to afford reasonable expectation that they will do their duty and keep out of mischief. Most benevolent people have on their minds one or more cases of men who need work for the support of themselves or their families, but who are apparently unsuited to any job which would bring them into competition with the labor of their fellows. The temptation to recommend such men to the Commissioners is strong, but it should be firmly resisted. Good men who are out of work through no fault of their own may make excellent policemen, but men whose chronic condition is a state of wanting a job won't do for the force, and to offer them only makes the Commissioners needless trouble. Good manners are sure to be serviceable to a candidate; good looks won't hurt his chances any; neatness and cleanliness are strong points in his favor, both because they are good things in themselves and because they are the outward evidence of desirable traits of character and training. However formidable a policeman may appear, and however stern he may be on occasion, he should have a kind heart and be ready to help his fellows. He will see much suffering, and if he is a good man with quick sympathies he will be able to do many acts of kindness and make himself beloved as well as respected. To be a terror to evil-doers is by no means all of his job. He should also be the refuge of the weak and the oppressed, the guardian of the distraught, the guide, philosopher, and friend of decent people who turn to him for counsel.

BRYANISM AND FREE CONTRACT.

NOT enough attention has been paid to the Popocratic proposition to prevent individuals from protecting themselves against spoliation, in the event of the debasement of the currency, by making their contracts payable in gold or gold coin. That is precisely what Governor ALTGELD of Illinois, the real manager in Chicago of the Democratic campaign for BRYAN, and Senator STEWART of Nevada, the manager in Chicago of the Populist campaign for BRYAN, have been doing in their own private business, and that is what both the platform upon which ALTGELD stands, and which he helped to frame, and the platform upon which STEWART stands, agree to denounce. The Chicago platform says upon this point, "We favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal-tender money by private contract." The plank of the St. Louis platform was evidently imitated from this, and it reads, "We demand such legislation as will prevent the demonetization of the lawful money of the United States by private contract."

Upon this point, at least, the Popocrats and the Populists have met together. WATSON and SEWALL have kissed each other. It shall be lawful, after the combination has had its way, to make contracts for the delivery of specific quantities of wheat or coal or cotton, or of any other commodity except gold. That shall no longer be exchangeable. But why should it not be, under the contention which BRYAN makes when he is not making a contradictory contention, that the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one will raise the market price of silver to that ratio?

This question, to which there is no answer, suffices to show the entire insincerity of BRYAN and of all the Bryanites when they pretend that the parity of the two metals will continue when the cheaper is overvalued at the mints by one hundred per cent. It convicts them not only of insincerity but of impudence when they pretend that what they propose will bring about "bimetallism." The Populists, indeed, cut a much more respectable figure than the Popocratic Bryanites. They do not talk twaddle about bimetallism. They want, and they say they want, cheap money, and they do not stultify themselves by maintaining that the cheap money they desire will be as good as the dear money they denounce. They "demand" that not only the mints but the printing-presses shall be set at work to supply a safe and sound national money based upon nothing but the fiat of the government and the honor of the Populists, and "speedily increased to an amount sufficient to meet the wants of the population, and to restore the just level of prices of labor and production." That is to say, they desire to inflate the currency, like the Greenbackers before them.

It would be impossible to shame them by telling them that their proposition to prohibit gold contracts shows that they do not believe in the parity with gold of their silver or their paper dollar. They never pretended that it would, and they would not want it if it did. But when BRYAN and the Popocratic Bryanites talk about parity and bimetallism, the citation of this plank of their platform ought to shame them into silence.

But there is another point to be made upon this assumption by a political platform of the right to interfere with the freedom of contract. It is not more evidently dishonest than it is futile and childish. The notion that men of business will consent to make their agreements and their undertakings subject to the unknown and unpredictable fluctuations in the silver standard as compared with the standard of civilized mankind is one of the shallowest that ever took possession of a human brain. Like all the financial propositions of the Popocrats, it shows a complete and complacent ignorance of the experience of mankind. The lessons of past times and foreign countries are completely thrown away upon these people. When gold went to a premium during the civil war, THADDEUS STEVENS introduced a bill into the House of Representatives imposing penalties for the offence of trading in gold. Of course it did not prevent a single transaction, nor lower by the fraction of a point the premium on gold. Only the other day WEYLER tried to force the people of Cuba to take the notes of a Spanish bank at par even though the bank itself refused to redeem them, and he made it an offence to quote the discount upon them. But though he had 200,000 soldiers to enforce his order, he found that it could not be enforced. The power of Spain did not suffice to impose upon the island of Cuba what the wild men who made the platforms of Chicago and St. Louis have imagined they could impose upon the people of the United States. It could not force them to take what purported to be money for more than its value in actual money.

STIRRING TIMES.

THESE are anxious, trying times, but they are very interesting, and buyers of newspapers are daily getting large returns for their investments. Every day we get, besides the usual items of minor news, the day's grist of rumor and information about the progress of the great fight against silver monometallism and populism, on the issue of which every citizen feels that he has personal interests at stake. Our domestic matters are so engrossing that we can hardly give due attention to foreign complications which under ordinary circumstances would excite our liveliest interest. The Sultan goes on slaughtering his Armenian subjects, while all the powers of Europe are manœuvring for an advantage in a crisis which any day may develop. The forces which are at work are so plain that all the world may watch their operation. England jumps at every shriek from Armenia, but the rest of Europe seems to have better nerves, and the interest of Russia, France, and Germany in the Sultan's murders seems confined to speculation as to how long the English government can control the agitation of the English people at the sight of rivers of innocent blood. It is like that play of SARAH BERNHARDT'S in which SARAH squirms upon the stage while her lover is being tortured in the wings. The Sultan turns the handle of the rack, the Armenians shriek, England rolls about the stage in futile contortions of sympathy, and Russia, having put cotton in the ears of France and Germany, waits, with a sarcastic smile, to see how much vicarious punishment England will take before she lets her gobble up Constantinople. It cannot be said to be a pleasing piece to watch, but it is exciting, and when we lift our eyes from our own concerns long enough to take it in, we may realize that we are not the only people on earth who have a serious political problem to deal with.

AUTUMN GLORIES.

IT is too bad about people who have no horse-clothes, and no reasonable excuse for getting any. To be sure, bicycles and golf have been an immense boon for folks, and men folks especially, with a taste for picturesque garb and tolerable corporeal conveniences for carrying it off. Knickerbockers are a great concession to the taste of the Creator in making legs. A man in proper bicycle clothes is a pretty thing, especially before he gets on his bicycle, and a man suitably apparelled for golf is a joyous fleck upon the face of nature, and a useful supplement to the glories of the fall. But neither golf nor bicycles give quite the same opportunities for personal adornment that hunting does. Baggy breeches that cling at the knee, boots that shine, spurs that glitter, those wonderful waistcoats that horsemen affect, coats with flaring skirts, and neck-ties that dazzle—those are attributes that may reasonably put the noses of golfers and bicyclists somewhat out of joint, and make the eyes of their wearers shine with pleasure at the gayety of their own apparition.

Nothing could save the horseman from being eaten up with vanity except the realization that it is not himself that he adorns with stunning raiment, but that he, with all his glories on him, is but a part of the apparel that he provides for his horse. When he has done his utmost for himself he is still incomplete until he has a horse under him. He may not put his horse-clothes on unless he has a sincere intention of bestraddling some quadruped, and unless there is somewhere a quadruped which he may bestride. When he gets off his horse he is under a moral obligation to change his raiment at the first convenient opportunity. Society does not tolerate his riding-clothes except while he is on horseback, and for a little while before and after. It could not afford to have him go around on foot so embellished, nor could he afford to do it. His riding-clothes alone, if he wore them much of the time, would be enough to put him out of touch with the plain people and to make an aristocrat of him off-hand.

A POSER TO A BRYAN STUMP-SPEAKER.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.

POLITICS AMONG THE TENEMENT-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY—LISTENING TO A CART-TAIL ORATOR.
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The late Henry E. Abbey was the most extraordinary theatrical manager that this country has produced. No one could know Mr. Abbey without wondering why theatrical and musical affairs had had any attraction for him. Generally there is an affinity between a man and his business, but Mr. Abbey cared little for the theatre and less for music. His knowledge of plays and acting was of the slightest, and of music he was wholly ignorant. In this respect he differed little from the majority of theatrical promoters and speculators; but with Mr. Abbey the ignorance was frank and undisguised. He did not pretend to know anything about the arts in which he dealt commercially. He was a merchant of reputation. Let a European artist achieve fame, and Mr. Abbey lost no time in bringing her to America; but he never discovered talent, and never tried to do so. He once said to the writer: "My plan is to watch the audience, not the performer. When Joseph Hoffmann made his first success in London, I went to hear him. I was late, and could not get into the hall; but I listened to the comments of the auditors as they filed out, and without hearing Hoffmann at all, I made a contract to bring him over." Mr. Abbey once gave a playwright an order for a drama, and when it was completed the author wished to read it to him. "I don't care to hear it," said the manager—"for two reasons: in the first place, it would make me nervous; and in the second, I shouldn't know anything about it when you finished." And yet Mr. Abbey must have had the elements of good taste, for he used to say, "There are two men who drive me out of the theatre," naming a barytone of offensive conceit and an elongated clown of comic-opera notoriety, both of whom have become metropolitan nuisances. One of Mr. Abbey's few ideas bearing on the artistic side of his profession resulted in the evolution of Sardou and Moreau's *Cleopatra*. When he visited Paris to arrange for a return engagement of Sarah Bernhardt to this country, he thought it necessary that Madame Bernhardt should have a new play, and he suggested Cleopatra as a suitable heroine. Sardou was asked to write the piece, but after looking over the material, the great playwright declared that it did not appeal to him. Émile Moreau, a young and unknown writer, happened to offer to Madame Bernhardt a play dealing with "the serpent of the Nile," and the actress accepted it on condition that Sardou would revise it. Sardou looked over the manuscript, made a few suggestions, lent the magic of his name, and accepted his share of the royalties.

The career of this most conspicuous of American managers was shaped by a slight circumstance. His father had a jewelry-store in Akron, Ohio, where seats were booked for the local theatre. Young Abbey used to preside at the diagram; he preferred selling coupons to showing diamonds to the Akronites. During the last twenty years Mr. Abbey has managed the American tours of the greatest musical and dramatic artists in the world. His principal title to the remembrance of the public is that during several years past he gave New York the finest performances of grand opera ever heard in this country. No European capital has had an opera company equal to that of New York during the last four or five seasons. In fact, Mr. Abbey gave us almost a monopoly of the famous artists of the lyric stage. It should be remembered, also, that in other countries grand opera is subsidized by government, while here it has been a private enterprise established on a business basis. It is stated by Mr. Abbey's partners that his death will not influence operatic affairs at the Metropolitan Opera-house. It is possible that the performances of this season will not be affected, but it can hardly be that so potent a factor in theatricals can disappear without materially influencing the enterprises which he practically created.

It is pleasant to note a healthful reaction in the tastes of New York theatre-goers, and the same tendency is observed in other large American cities. For two or three seasons New-Yorkers have unconsciously wandered in the path of decadence. Two widely different kinds of stage amusements have attracted most attention—the "variety show" and the problem play. To the former class belong all the silly attempts at "wickedness" exemplified by imported performers, who have invited Americans to come and see how wilfully improper they can be. The star of the improper is happily waning. The half-dozen misguided young persons who were heralded as "the wicked So-and-so sisters" were promptly frost-bitten on their recent appearance in Gotham. The vulgarities of *A Florida Enchantment* and the laborious suggestiveness of Anna Held have met with equal disfavor. The season promises to be agreeably free from the problem play, originated by Ibsen and Émile Augier, and rendered practical by Pinero and Dumas *fils*. It has been urged that the problem play "makes people think," but, as a rule, the problems are such that the less one thinks about them the better for his own character and happiness. It is pleasant to observe that the greatest dramatic success in London and in New York this season is *Rosemary*, a play which is pure and wholesome, whatever its structural faults may be.

There was a plentiful lack of novelty in the productions at the New York theatres last week. There were but two new offerings, both light operas, rather romantic than comic in their genus. That popular organization, the Bostonians, dedicated the new Murray Hill Theatre, producing *In Mexico*, an opera with a tragic story ending in bloodshed—something new for the Bostonians. The music is churchly rather than operatic, and the favorite Barnabee has a rather pathetic comedy part. *In Mexico* is not likely to attain popularity, for the reason that theatre-goers do not care for serious opera from comic-opera singers. *Brian Boru*, by Messrs. Stange and Edwards, at the Broadway Theatre, is a worthy attempt to write a romantic opera with a comedy element. The music and libretto are highly creditable, and the work deserves a better company than the one at present engaged in its interpretation. Miss Georgia Cayvan, at Palmer's Theatre, has wisely withdrawn the unsuccessful *Mary Pennington*, and has revived *Squire Kate*. The latter play contains a rôle exactly suited to Miss Cayvan's personality, and her characterization is recalled as one of the best that she offered while she was leading actress at the Lyceum Theatre. Thus far in the present season the successes have so far outnumbered the failures that few of the metropolitan theatres announce any important changes of bill. For the present week there is but one new production, that of *Jack and the Bean-stalk* at the Casino. This is a musical farrago, in which the dramatic persons are the heroes and heroines of juvenile fiction, ranging from Sindbad to the old woman who lived in her shoe.

Those who patronize opera and concert, whether from love of music or love of society, are likely to find the present season enjoyable or arduous, according to their motives. Last year New-Yorkers had two grand-opera companies, one considerably grander than the other. This year the Metropolitan Company, Walter Damrosch, and her Majesty's Colonel Mapleson will occupy the field. It is quite likely that this will be too much opera for these not over-prosperous times, and something may be expected to drop. No metropolis can be expected to support three grand-opera troupes. The Metropolitan Company will be as strong as ever, with all the greatest of the New York favorites. It is this organization that has greatest prestige with society, and as its *personnel* and performances are hardly to be equalled, it is probable that into its coffers will fall whatever coin the public has for opera. Colonel Mapleson brings an assemblage of singers new to this country. Only one of his principal performers, the barytone De Anna, has ever been heard here; but the redoubtable Colonel cheerfully admits that all his new artists are of transcendent gifts. It is surprising to find Colonel Mapleson again leading his operatic cohorts. When he published his memoirs, several years ago, it was thought he had retired from active service. Indeed, in his two good-sized volumes he told such harrowing tales, revealed such secrets of the managerial prison-house, that the reader was justified in believing that "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" would not tempt the Colonel back to the perilous path of the impresario. Not only will there be lively competition in the operatic field, but the concert season will be particularly active. Among the artists whose appearance during the winter is announced are Rosenthal, Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, Sieveking, Carreño, Gregorowitch, Wienzkowska, and Carl Halir. One of the most enjoyable features of the musical season promises to be the popular concerts given at Carnegie Hall under the direction of Walter Damrosch. At these concerts the best orchestral music, together with soloists of reputation, is to be heard; and the price of admission is to be fifty cents, which should be "popular" enough.

London play-goers have *Rosemary* and Sir Henry Irving's *Cymbeline*, but if they have seen these and still wish to go to the theatre, they must take their choice between musical comedy and lurid melodrama. The former style of amusement is epidemic in England. Since the success of *The Gayety Girl* scores of similar pieces have been produced, and when it is said that the best of them, *The Shop Girl* and *The Artist's Model*, were presented here, one may realize the sufferings of the London theatre-goers. The latest of these musical comedies is *The White Silk Dress*, written by H. J. Dam, an American, and produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with a fair degree of success. Another London novelty is *Mr. Martin*, presented at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is actor, author, and manager. *Mr. Martin* is cleverly written and well acted, but is not likely to be popular. The two most conspicuous of the present English playwrights, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, are preserving a portentous silence. Since his disappointment with *Michael and his Lost Angel*, Mr. Jones seems discouraged; and small wonder, for the author got precious little credit for the good points in that curious drama. What will he do next? And what is the ingenious Mr. Pinero doing? The latter's name is not absent from London playbills, but it appears in connection with a revival of his comedy, *The Hobby Horse*, in which John Hare sustains the leading character. Just at present Cockaigne is suffering from an unusually severe attack of melodrama, among the symptoms being such alluring titles as *The King of Crime*, *A Woman's Revenge*, *Death or Glory*, and *The Cruel City*.

The principal theatrical event in Paris during the last fortnight has been the revival, at the Théâtre Français, of Octave Feuillet's drama *Montjoye*. This strong and interesting play was originally produced at the Gymnase, in 1863, where it achieved a great success. Eighteen years afterwards it was revived, and attracted comparatively little attention. When first given it was criticised as audacious. After eighteen years it was found rather tame. So rapidly does Parisian taste run from bad to worse. The objection now made is that *Montjoye* is old-fashioned. The fact is that any play (excepting poetic drama and a few extraordinary comedies) grows old in ten years. The material is as good as ever, but the modes of treatment for the stage are constantly changing. A Bronson Howard or a Pinero could take the plot of *Montjoye* and make a successful play of it by judicious rewriting; but this it needs, in common with the many fine plays produced in Paris during the Second Empire. The material is there, but the style grows old.

A rather curious libel suit has been instituted by the critic of a New York daily paper against a Protean genius who manages theatres, writes music and libretto, designs scenery, arranges ballets, and, in fact, aspires to be a theatrical "Admirable Crichton." The Protean genius wrote an opera, which was outrageously praised by a number of local journals. Two critics, however, either were not instructed or had sufficient courage to tell what they considered the truth about the opera. Proteus then writes letters to the editors of the two journals, bringing defamatory charges against the critics and asking their dismissal. The libel suit is the result. One moral seems to be that when a manager asks a journal to criticise his production, he wants an honest opinion so long as it is favorable; but if the critic cannot agree with the author's estimation of his work, the former is likely to lose his position. Perhaps the best way to secure harmony would be to have authors review their own works. This would have the advantage of preventing libel suits. The critic could be relied upon to gloze over his own faults as author, and the public influenced by reviews could depend upon an impartiality quite equal to that which is generally manifested under the present régime.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Parochial Missions Society of the Episcopal Church in the United States has concluded to endorse the project for an Episcopal Army modelled after the Church Army in England, and designed to do the sort of evangelical work in which the Salvation Army is so conspicuous. The Missions Society seems to regard the new project as a doubtful experiment, and only undertakes "the cautious supervision of the Army as a distinct department of its work for one year." It will be represented in this new work by a commission composed of four well-known clergymen. Plans for this new organization include provision for uniformed corps of trained evangelists, under military discipline, to be stationed in various cities, who will march to music and preach in the streets. If the work prospers, there may be homes and lodging-houses for men, rescue houses for women, and perhaps eventually a system of industrial enterprises by which unfortunates can earn a living. The fact that the Salvation Army and Colonel Booth's American Volunteers are already intrenched on the field in this country will not make the course of the new Army any less perplexing. It has usually been found, though, that there are sinners and outsiders enough to go around, especially in the bigger towns.

Parents of young children need not be told of the prevalence of the button mania. It began last spring, at the bicycle show in the Madison Square Garden, in New York, when the first conspicuous use was made of buttons for advertising purposes. Little boys began at once to collect them, and various manufacturers, perceiving the demand, made haste to supply it. The supply of bicycle buttons was re-enforced in May and June by buttons and pins bearing the faces of all possible candidates for the Presidential nomination, and these in turn were re-enforced in July by a flood of regular campaign buttons. About the same time the motto buttons began to appear, which seem now to be most in favor with the youngsters. The desire for these emblems has reached such a pass in the schools that in a number of cases in the Catholic schools the children have been compelled to give up all their motto buttons for destruction by fire. The priests who extort this sacrifice declare that the button mania puts everything else out of the children's heads, and that some of the motto buttons disclose improper and even immoral sentiments. What is sure to cure the craze in a very short time is the power of the manufacturers to glut the market. The coinage of buttons being very inexpensive and absolutely unlimited, the supply is sure in a short time to overrun the demand, and as soon as the buttons cease to be scarce or novel, children will cease to want them. School-teachers will have an opportunity presently to bring home to their pupils' minds that either intrinsic worth or scarcity is a necessary condition precedent to value, and that nobody cares to keep useless things which any one may obtain. The bearing of this truth on the free-coinage of silver is obvious.

The records of the rise in wheat make pleasant reading. High wheat makes high flour, and that makes dear bread, but no one seems to be thinking of that. The all but universal sentiment is satisfaction in any legitimate condition of the markets that will help the farmers. The farmer is on the mind of the American public to an oppressive degree. We all want him to make money, the only condition being that it shall be honest money. Dollar wheat would be immensely popular in the United States, and every skip that breadstuffs make towards the dollar mark is greeted with smiles and a disposition to cheer. Only the silver men are solemn. No doubt they are brooding over the inscrutability of the ways of Providence.

The Royal Society of Canada, which holds its annual meeting next June at Halifax, proposes to celebrate at that time and place the discovery of America by John Cabot in 1497-8. The celebration will begin on June 27, and invitations to it will be sent to the municipal officers of Bristol, England, from which port Cabot sailed, to the governments of the British provinces and of Newfoundland, and to the geographical and historical societies of Great Britain and the United States. This will be interesting news to an immense number of Cabots who live in Massachusetts, and especially in Brookline and other suburbs of Boston, all presumably tracing descent from John Cabot and his son Sebastian, and developing the strenuous and tenacious characteristics suitable to such an origin.

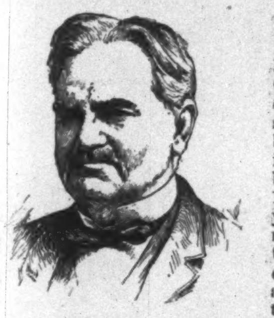
The London correspondent of the Weekly says that Du Maurier's reputed successor in *Punch* is Phil May, who is described as having been hitherto the clown in that *Punch* opera-bouffe company of which Du Maurier was the tenor. Mr. May may take Du Maurier's place in a way, but the true successor of *Punch's* lost tenor will be more apt to be developed by the necessities of the situation than to be created off-hand. What was Du Maurier's place among English illustrators is a great gap which time may fill and may not. The loss seems to lie not so much in the stiffening of a cunning hand as in the passing away of all the ideals and images that peopled Du Maurier's imagination. If there was any one who could think Du Maurier's thoughts and dream his dreams, there would be a better prospect of filling his place, albeit with pictures not like his in execution.

It was observed a while ago in this department of the Weekly that a good statue of a bad man would be a greater ornament to New York than some of its bad statues of good men. Captain Kidd was suggested as an interesting subject, whose reputation, sad to say, made him unavailable. It seems that more can be said in Kidd's favor than most people suppose. It is true that, being sent out to catch pirates, he turned pirate himself, and was uncommonly successful in the business. But it is not often recalled that when he had been caught and sent to England to be tried he was offered his life if he would testify that Somers and other Whig lords who subscribed to his original expedition were in the secret of his intend-

ed piracy. Bishop Burnet says that he steadfastly refused to bear this false witness, and was duly hanged. So he died for the truth; and Queen Anne gave his savings (such of them as could be found) to Greenwich Hospital, so that he became a public benefactor besides.

An indication of the growth of British interest in American affairs appears in the recent contracts made by the Manchester *Guardian*, the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, the Glasgow *Herald*, the Dundee *Advertiser*, and other leading provincial newspapers, with one of the American press associations for a daily service of American news by cable. The day may come—if, indeed, it has not come already—when the American who travels in England may learn as much from the newspaper of the country about happenings in America as the Britisher who travels here can learn from our journals about affairs in Europe.

Chief Judge William Adams Richardson, of the United States Court of Claims, who died on October 19, had been a diligent and distinguished public servant for over forty years. He was born in 1821 in Massachusetts, was graduated from Harvard College in 1843 and from the Harvard Law School in 1846. Seven years later he was President of the Common Council of Lowell and also of the Wamuset Bank in that city. He became a Judge of Probate in 1856, and Judge of Probate and Insolvency in 1858, and for twenty-two years he edited the annual Supplements to the General Statutes of Massachusetts. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and in 1871 went to Europe to negotiate the sale of government bonds. He became Secretary of the Treasury in 1873, and resigned in the following year to go on the bench of the Court of Claims. He was an Overseer of Harvard for twelve years, and was the author of a number of books, mostly concerned with statutory law.



WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

To be the poet of a great anniversary in a great college is a serious business which even the hardiest rhymer may well undertake with fear and trembling. It has been one of Harvard's special felicities in this nineteenth century that great as her occasions have been she has been able to produce poets that were equal to them. It must be gratifying to all Princeton men that the bard chosen to handle the lyre in Alexander Hall last Wednesday should have availed to sweep its strings to such resonant and stirring purpose. Dr. Van Dyke had an excellent opportunity, and used pretty much all of it. His poem, with its various metres, nowhere lags or falters. It is excellent to read, and was probably better still to hear. Witherspoon, the Scotch theologian, who came to Princeton from Glasgow in 1768, and signed the Declaration of Independence eight years later, was a figure worth hymning, and fit to inspire the timely lines:

> And thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
> Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part;
> Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
> Wherever born, is born a son of thine.

Dr. Van Dyke's poem is full of passages worth quoting, and it winds up with a fine hymn which is sure to win for itself a separate existence; but the whole is better than all its parts, and should be read in its entirety.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop tells in the *Sun* an interesting story of her recent work among the sick poor. She finds opportunity to give help and relief, the need of which is of desperate urgency, especially to cancerous patients; but her work calls for much more money than she can devote to it. Contributions may be sent to her at 1 Scammel Street. E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

The *Daily News*, which has been for many years the official organ of the Liberal party, and, on the whole, accurately represents the feelings of that party, is working overtime to make Lord Rosebery's return to the leadership imperative. Its canvass among the leading Liberals in the metropolis and the country has shown clearly and indisputably the remarkable strength of Lord Rosebery's following. The *Daily Chronicle*, on the other hand, which did most to bring about his leadership two years ago, has long since turned against him, and is now busily pressing the claims of Sir William Harcourt. Most of the Tory journals, while modestly disclaiming any wish to interfere with the internal affairs of their opponents, express a kindly and patronizing hope that Lord Rosebery may be induced to alter his decision. His lordship himself has cancelled all his political engagements, and is keeping discreetly silent, though he has let it be known that his retirement from public life is only temporary. The impressive restraint of his Edinburgh speech, with its moving reference to Mr. Gladstone, the quiet dignity of his attitude towards his colleagues, and, above all, the sense that he has been unfairly treated, are having a wonderful effect on the country. He never showed himself so much of a leader as when he laid down his leadership. He spoke with the decisive authority of a man who knew what he was talking about, and had the courage to tell the blunt truth on a burning question. People are beginning to realize the difficulties of his position. It is stated, on authority that is beyond question, that he and Sir William Harcourt have only had one political consultation during the past year, and, rightly or wrongly, the country holds Sir William to blame. In a lesser sense, the present crisis is a personal struggle between Lord Rosebery and Sir William. In a larger sense, it is a contest between imperialism and cosmopolitanism; between—to put it in a slightly exaggerated form—the Empire and the Local veto bill. In either case, Lord Rosebery must eventually win.

Every day increases popular bewilderment on the Armenian question. At the great meeting held in Hyde Park, when some thirty thousand London working-men stood shivering in the rain and a bitter easterly wind out of a spirit of pure humanitarianism, the wildest and most conflicting policies were urged. The extremists who talk about "semi-Christian Europe licking the blood-stained paws of the Eastern tiger" may perhaps be dismissed with as much speed as is consistent with a thorough respect for their motives. They are for single-handed intervention at any cost. They take their stand upon the obligations of the Cyprus Convention, which clearly enough binds England to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire with the sword if need be. With these enthusiasts Mr. Gladstone has cast in his lot. Others, and amongst them Lord Rosebery, declare with unanswerable force that the Cyprus Convention never has been acted upon, that it was a dead letter from the beginning, and that it ought to be abrogated as a standing menace to harmonious co-operation with other powers. Lord Rosebery and those who think with him would be willing to hand over Cyprus to the powers in return for the assured concert of Europe. They are of opinion that a solution of the difficulty can still be found in diplomacy. Others again argue that Russia and England are the two paramount powers in the East, and that an arrangement between them would be all that was necessary to compel the assent of Austria and France. Yet another section, headed by Mr. Labouchere, points out that the massacres are really due to England's maintenance of Turkish rule as a bulwark against Russia, and that the only proper course for her to pursue is to reverse her past policy, and let it be known that she would gladly welcome the dethronement of the Sultan. Mr. Labouchere insists that the Dardanelles must sooner or later be thrown open to the world, and ridicules the timidity which has prevented England from allowing to Russia her natural outlet on to the Mediterranean. He is not alarmed at the prospect of Russia's suzerainty over Turkey, and would consider it a cheap price to pay for the cessation of the massacres. To this other people have added that such a concession to Russia would effectually "dish the French," and make England's rule in Egypt an assured permanency. The more it is considered, the more this plan appears to be the one rational and satisfactory way of settling the business. S. B.

CHICAGO.

Deep gloom fell upon the assembled faculties of the University of Chicago when, upon the occasion of the October Convocation, President Harper announced that nobody need expect promotion yet awhile. The university, he said in substance, is now well manned throughout, and the different ranks of instructors in the several departments are properly balanced, in consequence of which condition future promotions will depend chiefly upon the death or the resignation of the present incumbents. As Jefferson's famous remark about Federal office-holders applies with at least equal force to college professors, the prospects of the ambitious young men in the Chicago faculty are not particularly encouraging. There is a widespread although entirely mistaken notion that this university is unusually liberal in the scale of its salaries. When we consider the fact that the cost of living is higher in Chicago than in almost any other university town, New York excepted, the reverse of the popular notion must be taken as the truth. That notion derives its only support from the fact that when the university was started, it was thought good policy to secure eight or ten of the best men in the country by offering them the unprecedented salary of $7000. This offer was successful in getting the men, and was widely heralded as meaning a general increase of the usual emoluments all along the line. But aside from the few men thus favored for a special reason at the beginning, other salaries have been fixed upon about the scale that obtains at Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and half a dozen other first-class institutions. In other words, $5000 is the maximum that any instructor may hope to reach, while the rank and file of the men are paid from $1500 to $2500. Professor Babbitt's recent plaint about Columbia salaries applies with equal force to salaries in the University of Chicago.

After a long litigation, the Illinois court of final resort has dissolved the injunctions that have kept Chicago from the full development of its system of elevated railways. The three existing systems have thus far been excluded from the business centre of the city, and have been compelled to drop their passengers half a mile or more from the places they have wished to reach. Under these conditions a central loop to connect the several lines was an imperative necessity, but its construction has long been delayed by a few property-owners, who have discovered how excellent a tool an injunction may prove in an emergency of this sort. The decision just reached by the Supreme Court not only dissolves the injunctions, but lays down the broad principle that property-owners who think their interests prejudiced by an elevated railway must wait to see if they are really injured, and then bring suit for damages in the ordinary way. As the result of this decision, Chicago will have its central loop in operation by next spring, and the efficiency of its existing railways will be greatly increased. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The Republican State Committee in Massachusetts have suggested that on the evening of "Flag day" Republicans throughout the country should give a final expression to their enthusiasm by lighting bonfires on hill-tops and in other convenient places, and the suggestion seems likely to be adopted. But would it not be better to reserve this demonstration until the result of the election is known? Bonfires have a historic significance, both as signals and as tokens of rejoicing, but as expressions of hope for or belief in Mr. McKinley's election they would be ridiculous. To use them for that purpose would be a misuse of symbols, like that which is involved in overwhelming a middle-aged man with flowers appropriate only to youth and beauty. "Flag day" itself is an invention of very doubtful utility. It means, if it means anything, that patriotism in this country is now the sole possession of a single party; and that, when one stops to think of it, is a preposterous notion. Politicians who are conducting the campaign upon this basis are sowing the seeds of future hatred and hostility.

A measure of great importance is to be submitted to the people of Massachusetts at the State and national election in November. It is an amendment to the Constitution providing that hereafter a Governor and other State officers, including members of the Legislature, shall be elected only once in two years, and that sessions of the Legislature shall also be biennial, instead of annual, as is now the case. Massachusetts is almost alone among the States in holding annual elections, and it could very well afford to dispense with the yearly session of the Legislature, for there are too many laws upon the statute-book already. But the proposition is to have every alternate State election coincide with the national election held in that year. This means that in Presidential years national politics will overshadow State politics, and that in many cases unfit men will be carried into office on that wave of enthusiasm which always attends a Presidential election. The proposed amendment has been condemned by Senator Hoar, by ex-Governor Boutwell, by ex-Senator Dawes, and by other men of sagacity and experience, and although the great body of reformers are behind it, it is likely to be defeated. H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

After three years' hard work and the expenditure of between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000, New Orleans has finally completed the great undertaking of changing its street-railroad motive power from the old-fashioned mule to electricity. The last line to make this change, the Canal and Claiborne, has inaugurated another important change at the same time by practically applying the civil-service rules of the United States to its employés. The old system of fines and suspensions for accidents, and so forth, is abolished, and in its stead employés are promoted according to the record they make, all vacancies being filled by promotion from the lower ranks. The plan is warmly welcomed by the men themselves; and the public is interested, as it will tend to prevent the accidents that have so often occurred of late, due to the frequent changes of motormen and the breaking in of raw men. The Claiborne line claims to be the first street railroad in the country to have adopted this civil-service system.

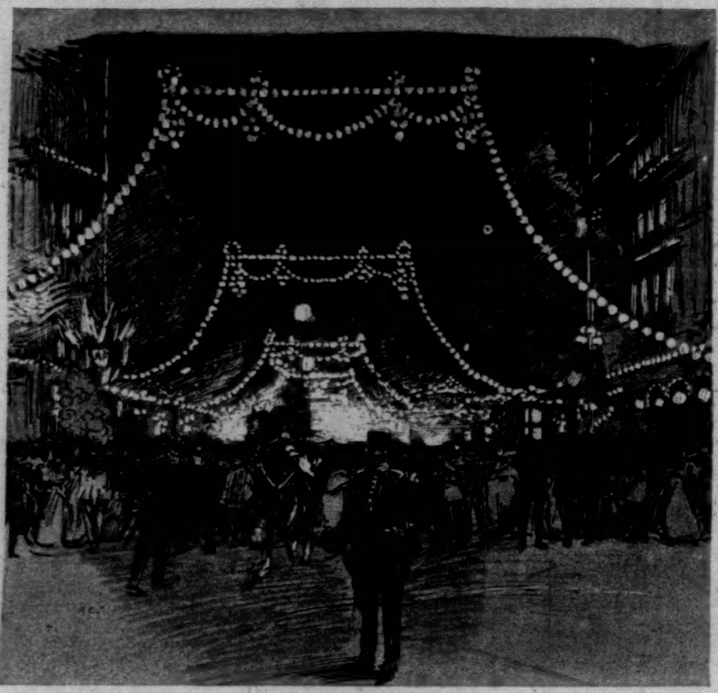
No law has been passed in Louisiana, as in Michigan, prohibiting "treating to drinks," yet the treating habit, one of the most striking social and business usages of old New Orleans, is going out of fashion so rapidly that it will be extinct in another ten years. While the usage is common enough in other American cities, it never became so essential a part of commercial life elsewhere as it has done in New Orleans. No business transaction, no sale of any kind, whether cotton, sugar, or real estate, was deemed final and complete without a drink over it. This practice undoubtedly owed its origin to the fact that before the organization of the cotton, sugar, and other commercial exchanges, which sprung into existence long after the civil war, the liquor saloons not only called themselves "exchanges," but served as the rendezvous of buyers and sellers, and furnished the only marine and commercial news of the day. For instance, the St. Charles Exchange (the saloon under the St. Charles Hotel) was the headquarters of the auctioneers, the place where all plans of real estate were exposed and all sales made; and a drink at the bar was therefore an incident of every sale. Other saloons, or "exchanges," had their special clientele, for whose convenience blackboards gave records of the arrival and departure of vessels, quotations of cotton and sugar, which news cost the saloons almost as much as their liquor. A drink paid for this information. When the Commercial Exchange sprang up, a visit to a saloon to get the latest commercial news no longer became necessary, and as a consequence "treating" has grown less frequent, and is rapidly dropping out of fashion, save with the older generation, which cling to it as an evidence of Southern hospitality and bonhomie. It seems likely to die out altogether. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

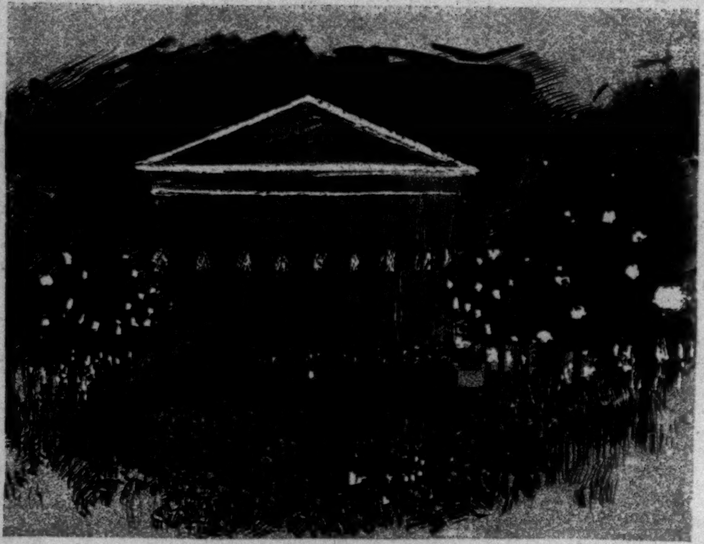
The Mark Hopkins Art Institute has superb quarters in a Norman castle, built of red-wood, perched on the topmost crest of Nob Hill. Its unsubstantial materials are brought out in greater relief by one of the most massive stone walls in this country, which completely surrounds the full half of the city block which it occupies. The castle was built by old Mark Hopkins, one of the four founders of the Central Pacific Railroad, whose brain gave way to excessive work before the mansion was completed. His widow married Edwin F. Searles, an artist and decorator, and it is to Mr. Searles that this city is indebted for the beautiful house and many of the pictures that it contains. He suggested that on one day in each month admission should be free. Until lately the place was not over-crowded on these free days, but the last two have seen a mob of Chinese. On the free day in September scores of Mongolians elbowed their way through the spacious rooms and stood stolidly in front of the pictures. This month they came by hundreds, and when five hundred had been admitted the doors were shut, and the police ordered to clear the street of the chattering Celestials. Those who got in took complete possession of the place, and many amused themselves by sitting in the upholstered chairs. White visitors fled in dismay, as there was a solid Chinese wall before all the pictures. On the next free day only a limited number of tickets of admission will be issued to Chinese, so that there may be no repetition of the two Asiatic invasions.

The Landmarks Club, whose headquarters are in Los Angeles, has nearly finished the restoration of the old Franciscan Mission Church at San Juan Capistrano. This mission was one of the finest in California, but it had been shamefully neglected. President Lummis and the other managers of the club have studied carefully the best means of preserving this noble ruin, and they declare that the work has been done "thoroughly, wisely, with historic fitness, and very cheaply," and that "if the club never did anything else, it would feel that this one achievement is enough to have justified its existence and its efforts." Any one who has seen the woful work made by a well-meaning priest in restoring the old Carmel Mission, near Monterey, will appreciate this new spirit that has saved the San Juan Mission from hideous modernizing that would have ruined all the beauty of the original architecture. The Landmarks Club will soon make an examination of the San Fernando Mission, which is peculiarly worthy of restoration. Tourists of the next century will have cause to bless the Landmarks Club for saving these beautiful relics of the pastoral days of California. G. H. F.

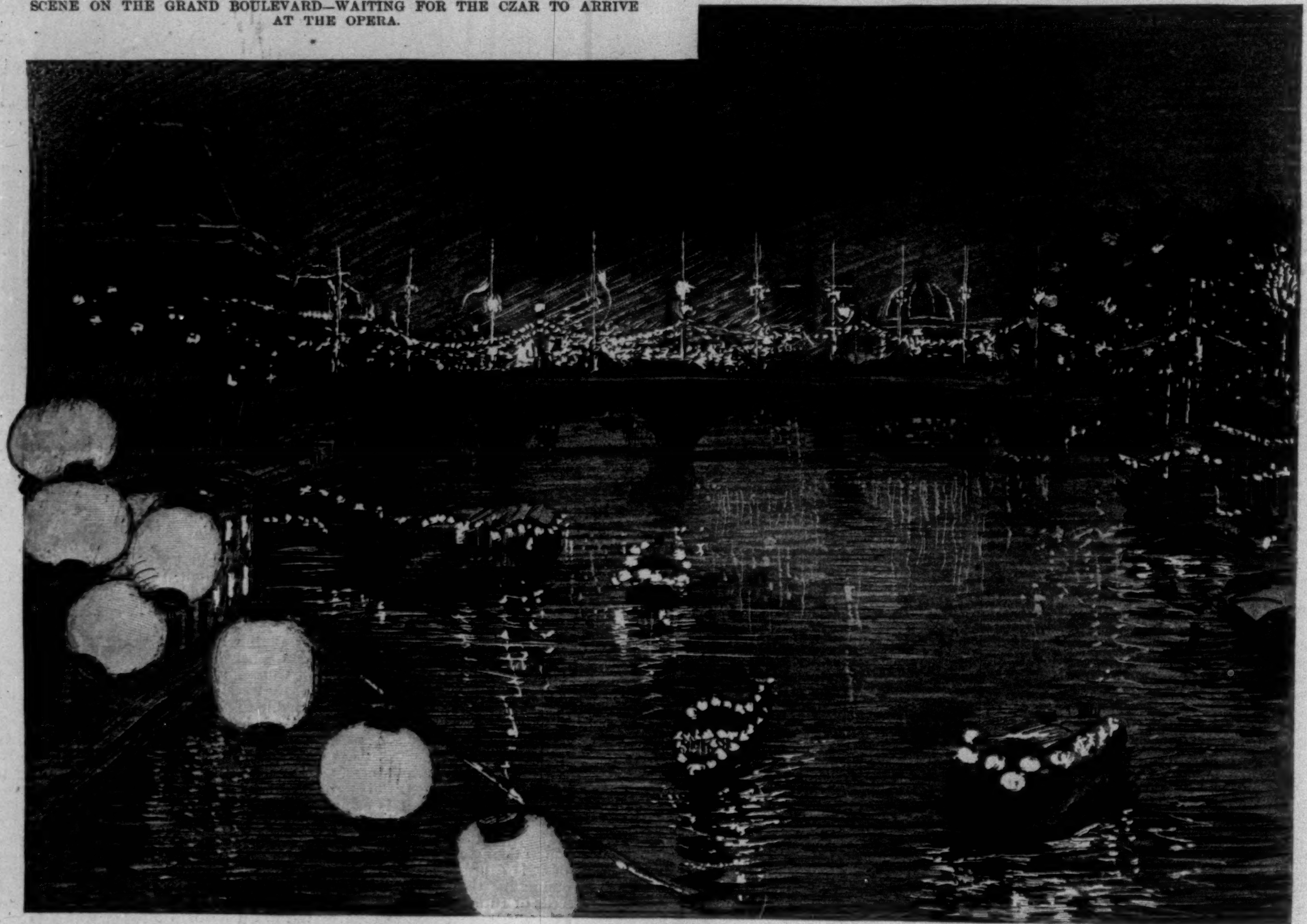
ILLUMINATION ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



SCENE ON THE GRAND BOULEVARD—WAITING FOR THE CZAR TO ARRIVE AT THE OPERA.



IN FRONT OF THE MADELEINE.



THE EFFECTIVE ILLUMINATION ALONG THE SEINE.

THE PARISIAN FÊTES IN HONOR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER, PARIS, OCTOBER 6, 1896.—[SEE PAGE 1082.]

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XLV.

CYNTHIA found Mrs. Durgin in the old farm-house kitchen at work getting breakfast when she came up to the hotel in the morning. She was early, but the elder woman had been earlier still, and her heavy face showed more of their common night-long trouble than the girl's.

She demanded, at sight of her, "What's the matter with you and Jeff, Cynthy?"

Cynthia was unrolling the cloud from her hair. She said, as she tied on her apron, "You must get him to tell you, Mrs. Durgin."

"Then there *is* something?"

"Yes."

"Has Jeff been using you wrong?"

Cynthia stooped to open the oven door, and to turn the pan of biscuit she found inside. She shut the door sharply to, and said, as she rose: "I don't want to tell you anything about it, and I sha'n't, Mrs. Durgin. He can do it, if he wants to. Shall I make the coffee?"

"Yes; you seem to make it better than I do. Do you think I shouldn't believe you was fair to him?"

"I wasn't thinking of that. But it's his secret. If he wants to keep it, he can keep it, for all me."

"You ha'n't give each other up?"

"I don't know." Cynthia turned away with a trembling chin, and began to beat the coffee up with the egg she had dropped into the pot. She put the breakfast on the table when it was ready, but she would not sit down with the rest. She said she did not want any breakfast, and she drank a cup of coffee in the kitchen.

It fell to Jeff mainly to keep the talk going. He had been out at the barn with Jombateeste since daybreak, looking after the cattle, and the joy of the weather had got into his nerves and spirits. At first he had lain awake after he went to bed, but he had fallen asleep about midnight, and got a good night's rest. He looked fresh and strong and very handsome. He talked resolutely to every one at the table, but Jombateeste was always preoccupied with eating, at his meals, and Frank Whitwell had on a Sunday silence, which was perhaps deepened by a feeling that there was something wrong between his sister and Jeff, and it would be rash to commit himself to an open friendliness until he understood the case. His father met Jeff's advances with philosophical blandness and evasion, and Mrs. Durgin was provisionally dry and severe both with the Whitwells and her son. After breakfast she went to the parlor, and Jeff set about a tour of the hotel, inside and out. He looked carefully to the details of its winter keeping. Then he came back and boldly joined his mother where she sat before her stove, whose subdued heat she found pleasant in the lingering cold of the early spring.

He tossed his hat on the table beside her, and sat down on the other side of the stove. "Well, I must say, the place has been well looked after. I don't believe Jackson himself could have kept it in better shape. When was the last you heard from him?"

"I hope," said his mother, gravely, "you've been lookin' after your end at Boston, too."

"Well, not as well as you have here, mother," said Jeff, candidly. "Has Cynthy told you?"

"I guess she expected you to tell me, if there *was* anything."

"There's a lot; but I guess I needn't go over it all. I've been playing the devil."

"Jeff!"

"Yes, I have. I've been going with another girl, down there, one of the kind you wanted me to make up to, and I went so far I—well, I made love to her; and then I thought it over, and I found out I didn't really care for her, and I had to tell her so, and then I came to tell Cynthy. That's about the size of it. What do you think of it?"

"D'you tell Cynthy?"

"Yes, I told her."

"What'd she say?"

"She said I'd better go back to the other girl." Jeff laughed hardily, but his mother remained impassive.

"I guess she's right; I guess you had."

"That seems to be the general opinion. That's what Mr. Westover advised. I seem to be the only one against it. I suppose you mean that I'm not fit for Cynthy. I don't deny it. All I say is I want her, and I don't want the other one. What are you going to do in a case like that?"

"The way I should look at it," said his mother, "is this: whatever you are, Cynthy made you. You was a lazy, disobedient, worthless boy, and it was her carin' for you from the first that put any spirit and any principle into you. It was her that helped you at school when you was little things together; and she helped you at the academy, and she's helped you at college. I'll bet she could take a degree, or whatever it is, at Harvard, better than you could, now; and if you ever do take a degree, you've got her to thank for it."

"That's so," said Jeff. "And what's the reason you didn't want me to marry her when I came in here last summer, and told you I'd asked her to?"

"You knew well enough what the reason was. It was part of the same thing as my wantin' you to be a lawyer; but I might knowed that if you didn't have Cynthy to go into court with you, and put the words into your mouth, you wouldn't make a speech that would"—Mrs. Durgin paused for a fitting figure—"save a flea from the gallows."

Jeff burst into a laugh. "Well, I guess that's so, mother. And now you want me to throw away the only chance I've got of learning how to run Lion's Head in the right way, by breaking with Cynthy."

"Nobody wants you to run Lion's Head, for a while, yet," his mother returned, scornfully. "Jackson is going to run Lion's Head. He'll be home the end of June, and *I'll* run Lion's Head till he gets here. You talk," she went on, "as if it was in your hands to break with Cynthy, or to throw away the chance with her. The way I look at it, she's broke with you, and you ha'n't got any chance with her. Oh, Jeff," she suddenly appealed to him, "tell me all about it! What *have* you been up to? If I understand it once, I know I can make her see it in the right light."

"The better you understand it, mother, the less you'll like it; and I guess Cynthy sees it in the right light already. What did she say?"

"Nothing. She said she'd leave it to you."

"Well, that's like Cynthy. I'll tell you, then," said Jeff; and he told his mother his whole affair with Bessie Lynde. He had to be very elemental, and he was aware, as he had never been before, of the difference between Bessie's world and his mother's world, in trying to make Bessie's world conceivable to her. He was patient in going over every obscure point, and illustrating from the characters and condition of different summer-folks the facts of Bessie's entourage. It is doubtful, however, if he succeeded in conveying to his mother a clear and just notion of the purely *chic* nature of the girl. In the end she seemed to conceive of her simply as a hussy, and so pronounced her, without limit or qualification, in spite of Jeff's laughing attempt to palliate her behavior, and to inculpate himself. She said that she did not see what he had done that was so much out of the way. That thing had led him on from the beginning; she had merely got her come-uppings, when all was said. Mrs. Durgin believed Cynthia would look at it as she did, if she could have it put before her rightly. Jeff shook his head with persistent misgiving. His notion was that Cynthia saw the affair only too clearly, and that there was no new light to be thrown on it, from her point of view. Mrs. Durgin would not allow this; she was sure that she could bring Cynthia round; and she asked Jeff whether it was his getting that fellow drunk that she seemed to blame him for the most. He answered that he thought that was pretty bad, but he did not believe it was the worst thing in Cynthia's eyes. He did not forbid his mother's trying to do what she could with her, and he went away for a walk, and left the house to the two women. Jombateeste was in the barn, which he preferred to the house, and Frank

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2068.

Whitwell had gone to church over at the Huddle. As Jeff passed Whitwell's cottage in setting out on his stroll he saw the philosopher through the window, seated with his legs on the table, his hat pushed back, and his spectacles fallen to the point of his nose, reading, and softly moving his lips as he read.

The forenoon sun was soft, but the air was cool. There was still plenty of snow on the upper slopes of the hills, and there was a drift here and there in a corner of pasture wall in the valley; but the spring-time green was beginning to hover over the wet places in the fields; the catkins silvered the golden tracery of the willow branches by the brook; there was a buzz of bees about them, and about the maples, blackened by the earlier flow of sap through the holes in the bark made by the woodpeckers' bills. Now and then the tremolo of a bluebird shook in the tender light and the keen air. At one point in the road where the sun fell upon some young pines in a sheltered spot, a balsamic odor exhaled from them.

These gentle sights and sounds and odors blended in the influence which Jeff's spirit felt more and more. He realized that he was a blot on the loveliness of the morning. He had a longing to make atonement and to win forgiveness. His heart was humbled toward Cynthia, and he went wondering how his mother would make it out with her, and how, if she won him any advantage, he should avail himself of it and regain the girl's trust; he had no doubt of her love. He perceived that there was nothing for him hereafter but the most perfect constancy of thought and deed, and he desired nothing better.

At a turn of his road where it branched towards the Huddle, a group of young girls stood joking and laughing; before Jeff came up with them they separated, and all but one continued on the way beyond the turning. She came toward Jeff, who gayly recognized her as she drew near.

She blushed and bridled at his bow and at his beauty and splendor, and in her embarrassment pertly said that she did not suppose he would have remembered her. She was very young, but at fifteen a country girl is not so young as her town sister at eighteen in the ways of the other sex.

Jeff answered that he should have known her anywhere in spite of her looking so much older than she did in the summer when she had come with berries to the hotel. He said she must be feeling herself quite a young lady now, in her long dresses, and he praised the dress which she had on. He said it became her style; and he found such relief from his heavy thoughts in these harmless pleasantries that he kept on with them. He had involuntarily turned with her to walk back to her house on the way he had come, and he asked her if he might not carry her catkins for her. She had a sheaf of them in the hollow of her slender arm, which seemed to him very pretty, and after a little struggle she yielded them to him. The struggle gave him still greater relief from his self-reproach, and at her gate he begged her to let him keep one switch of the pussy-willows, and he stood a moment wondering whether he might not ask her for something else. She chose one from the bundle, and drew it lightly across his face before she put it in his hand. "You may have this for Cynthy," she said, and she ran laughing up the pathway to her door.

XLVI.

Cynthia did not appear at dinner, and Jeff asked his mother when he saw her alone if she had spoken to the girl. "Yes, but she said she did not want to talk yet."

"All right," he returned. "I'm going to take a nap, I believe I feel as if I hadn't slept for a month."

He slept the greater part of the afternoon, and came down rather dull to the early tea. Cynthia was absent again, and his mother was silent and wore a troubled look. Whitwell was full of a novel conception of the agency of hypnotism in interpreting the life of the soul, as it is intimated in dreams. He had been reading a book that affirmed the consubstantiality of the sleep-dream and the hypnotic illusion. He wanted to know if Jeff, down at Boston, had seen anything of the hypnotic doings that would throw light on this theory.

It was still full light when they rose from the table, and it was scarcely twilight when Jeff heard Cynthia letting herself out at the back door. He fancied her going down to her father's house, and he went out to the corner of the hotel to meet her. She faltered a moment at sight of him, and then kept on with averted face.

He joined her, and walked beside her. "Well, Cynthy, what are you going to say to me? I'm off for Cambridge again to-morrow morning, and I suppose we've got to understand each other. I came up here to put myself in your hands, to keep or to throw away, just as you please. Well? Have you thought about it?"

"Every minute," said the girl, quietly.

"Well?"

"If you had cared for me, it couldn't have happened."

"Oh, yes, it could. Now that's just where you're mistaken. That's where a woman never can understand a man. I might carry on with half a dozen girls, and yet never forget you, or think less of you, although I could see all the time how pretty and bright every one of 'em was. That's the way a man's mind is built. It's curious, but it's true."

"I don't believe I care for any share in your mind, then," said the girl.

"Oh, come, now! You don't mean that. You know I was just joking; you know I don't justify what I've done, and I don't excuse it. But I think I've acted pretty square with you about it—about telling you, I mean. I don't want to lay any claim, but you remember when you made me promise that if there was anything shady I wanted to hide from you— Well, I acted on *that*. You do remember?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, and she pulled the cloud over the side of her face next him, and walked a little faster.

He hastened his steps to keep up with her. "Cynthy, if you put your arms round me, as you did, then—"

"I can't, Jeff!"

"You don't want to."

"Yes, I do! But you don't want me to, as you did then. Do you?" She stopped abruptly and faced him full. "Tell me honestly!"

Jeff dropped his bold eyes, and the smile left his handsome mouth.

"You don't," said the girl, "for you know that if you did, I would do it." She began to walk on again. "It wouldn't be hard for me to forgive you anything you've done against me—or against yourself; I should care for you the same—if you were the same person; but you're not the same, and you know it. I told you then—that time—that I didn't want to make you do what you knew was right, and I never shall try to do it, again. I'm sorry I did it, then. I was wrong. And I should be afraid of you, if I did now. Some time you would make me suffer for it, just as you've made me suffer for making you do then what was right."

It struck Jeff as a very curious fact that Cynthia must always have known him better than he knew himself in some ways, for he now perceived the truth and accuracy of her words. He gave her mind credit for the penetration due her heart; he did not understand that it is through their love women divine the souls of men. What other witnesses of his character had slowly and carefully reasoned out from their experience of him she had known from the beginning, because he was dear to her.

He was silent, and then, with rare gravity, he said, "Cynthia, I believe you're right," and he never knew how her heart leaped towards him at his words. "I'm a pretty bad chap, I guess. But I want you to give me another chance—and I'll try not to make you pay for it, either," he added, with a flicker of his saucy humor.

"I'll give you a chance, then," she said, and she shrank from the hand he put out towards her. "Go back, and tell that girl you're free now, and if she wants you she can have you."

"Is that what you call a chance?" demanded Jeff, between anger and injury. For an instant he imagined her deriding him and revenging herself.

"It's the only one I can give you. She's never tried to make you do what was right, and you'll never be tempted to hurt her."

"You're pretty rough on me, Cynthy," Jeff protested, almost plaintively. He asked, more in character, "Ain't *you* afraid of making me do right, now?"

"I'm not making you. I don't promise you anything, even if she won't have you."

"Oh!"

"Did you suppose I didn't *mean* that you were free? That I would put a lie in your mouth for you to be true with?"

"I guess you're too deep for me," said Jeff, after a sulky silence. "Then it's all off between us? What do you say?"

"What do you say?"

"I say it's just as it was before, if you care for me."

"I care for you, but it can never be the same as it was before. What you've done, you've done. I wish I could help it, but I can't. I can't make myself over into what I was twenty-four hours ago. I seem another person, in another world; it's as if I died, and come to life somewhere else. I'm sorry enough, if that could help, but it can't. Go and tell that girl the truth: that you came up here to me, and I sent you back to her."

A gleam of amusement visited Jeff in the gloom where he seemed to be darkling. He fancied doing that very thing with Bessie Lynde, and the wild joy she would snatch from an experience so unique, so impossible. Then the gleam faded. "And what if I didn't want *her?*" he demanded.

"Tell her that too," said Cynthia.

"I suppose," said Jeff, sulkily, "you'll let me go away and do as I please, if I'm free."

"Oh, yes. I don't want you to do anything because I told you. I won't make that mistake again. Go and do what you are able to do of your own free will. You know what you ought to do as well as I do; and you know a great deal better what you *can* do."

They had reached Cynthia's house, and they were talking at the side door, as they had the night before, when there had been hope for her in the newness of her calamity, before she had yet fully imagined it.

Jeff made no answer to her last words. He asked, "Am I going to see you again?"

"I guess not. I don't believe I shall be up before you start."

"All right. Good-by, then." He held out his hand, and she put hers in it for the moment he chose to hold it. Then he turned and slowly climbed the hill.

Cynthia was still lying with her face in her pillow when her father came into the dark little house, and peered into her room with the newly lighted lamp in his hand. She turned her face quickly over and looked at him with dry and shining eyes.

"Well, it's all over with Jeff and me, father."

"Well, I'm satisfied," said Whitwell. "If you could ha' made it up, so you could ha' felt right about it, I shouldn't ha' had anything to say against it, but I'm glad it's turned out the way it has. He's a comical devil, and he always was, and I'm glad you a'n't takin' on about him, any more. You used to have so much spirit when you was little."

"Oh, spirit! You don't know how much spirit I've had, now."

"Well, I presume not," Whitwell assented.

"I've been thinking," said the girl, after a little pause, "that we shall have to go away from here."

"Well, I guess *not*," her father began. "Not for no Jeff Dur—"

"Yes, yes. We *must!* Don't make me talk about it. We'll stay here till Jackson gets back in June, and then—we must go somewhere else. We'll go down to Boston, and I'll try to get a place to teach, or something, and Frank can get a place."

"I presume," Whitwell mused, "that Mr. Westover could—"

"*Father!*" cried the girl with an energy that startled him, as she lifted herself on her elbow. "Don't ever *think* of troubling Mr. Westover! Oh," she lamented, "I was thinking of troubling him, myself! But we mustn't, we mustn't! I should be so *ashamed!*"

"Well," said Whitwell, "time enough to think about all that. We got two good months yet, to plan it out before Jackson gets back, and I guess we can think of something before that. I presume," he added, thoughtfully, "that when Mrs. Durgin hears that you've give Jeff the sack, she'll make consid'able of a kick. She done it when you got engaged."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SECRET SERVICE."

MR. GILLETTE'S remarkably ingenious and interesting play called *Secret Service* tells expertly in dramatic action an imaginary story of the civil war. The scene is Richmond during the siege, and the President of the Confederate States, though not actually represented among the *dramatis personæ*, is supposed to be closely concerned in the proceedings. All the personages, excepting three, are either Confederate soldiers or men and women who sympathize with the Southern cause and actively aid it. Of these three only one is a prominent character—a Federal spy, known in Richmond as Captain Thorne, C.S.A.

Thorne appeared in Richmond as a wounded officer, bearing letters of introduction supposed to have been written by General "Stonewall" Jackson, and giving plausible reasons for not presenting the letters until after Jackson's death. His forged papers bear inspection well. His veracity is not doubted except by a civilian attached to the Confederate Secret Service, who is first prompted to suspicion by jealousy, for Thorne has won the love of a loyal Southern girl. The play suggests that the spy has rather avoided than sought any sentimental relation with this lady, but Love in romantic drama must overcome all obstacles. Captain Thorne cannot help loving Miss Varney, for he is human, and he is determined that her influence shall not help him in the accomplishment of his secret mission.

Here is an exceedingly delicate situation. The Union officer has accepted his trust with a full understanding of its responsibilities, its danger, and possible dishonor. His duty is to obtain possession of a Confederate telegraph wire and transmit false despatches to various generals in charge of the defence of the city, thus preparing the way for a successful Union onslaught. He is exhibited as so far delinquent in the performance of his duty that he is glad of an assignment, secured for him by his avowed enemy, Arrelsford, which will make his accomplishment of his task impossible. But this is when Miss Varney has used her influence with President Davis to obtain an appointment for him in the telegraph service, which would make the execution of his work for the Union comparatively easy. Thereafter that very commission which he thus rejects is used by the woman he loves, when he is in danger, to protect him; and it then affords him an opportunity to continue his secret work and transmit the decoy despatches. The spy then becomes avowedly the hero of romance. He refuses to act under the commission, the despatches are not sent, and the way is not prepared for the Union attack.

But the ethics of a war drama must not be too closely examined. Mr. Gillette's play deals primarily with incident rather than character. As an example of the theatrical art of "preparation," I can say, without hesitation, that it has never been equalled by a native playwright. In the technical excellence of its construction, no play of its kind I have ever seen approaches it. For here Mr. Gillette applies, with amazing success, the natural dramatic method of Augier, Dumas *fils*, and Pinero in modern comedy, and Ibsen in his "social dramas," to the development of what is commonly called melodrama. The "aside" and the soliloquy, traditional expedients of the poetic drama, are avoided. Nothing is told to the audience that an observer of the proceedings in the scene might not learn. People move and talk as they do in real life. Yet the audience enjoys its time-honored privilege of being always ahead of the action. We know that Thorne is a Union spy, while that enthusiastic young rebel, Miss Varney, is urging him to remain in Richmond; that she is aware of the suspicion in which he is held before their second meeting, to which he comes as an accepted suitor. We are prepared for the cruelly devised meeting of Thorne and his captured brother, and our admiration of the self-control of each of them is the stronger because we have been led to fear for Thorne's safety. And so on throughout the play. Mr. Gillette has not disregarded the great fundamental law of the old masters of stagecraft in boldly casting off two of their most cherished conventions.

No person who has not made some sort of practical study of the play-writer's craft can conceive how difficult it is to build up and write a play like *Secret Service* while adhering to the natural method of modern comedy, and discarding "asides" and soliloquies, which are invariably used by melodramatists to inform their audiences of events that have occurred or to prepare them for things to come. Yet with an intricate plot and a multiplicity of incidents the whole story of this piece is clearly revealed, stage by stage, and such faults as it has, apart from its dubious ethics already referred to, are too trivial to dwell upon.

It holds the spectator in rapt attention. Perhaps it only vaguely stirs the tenderer emotions, one's curiosity as to the outcome of the strange proceedings somewhat overshadowing one's sympathy with the lovers. I fancy, though, that this is largely due to the dominance of Mr. Gillette's own personality in the performance at the Garrick Theatre. He is an agreeable comedian with a limited gamut of expression. Facial play his acting almost lacks. He indicates the superb audacity and nonchalance of the spy cleverly. The passion in Thorne's nature he merely suggests—and that, too, with the help of the spectator's imagination stimulated by clever scenic device.

But though he is far from being a great actor, Gillette is a master of stagecraft. The man who could invent the hospital scene in *Held by the Enemy* and the tragic meeting of the brothers in *Secret Service* ought to hold a high place among dramatists. The pictorial side of this performance is wonderfully interesting. Gillette is a pioneer in the invention of war "effects," and his use of alarum-bells, the booming of distant guns, the clatter of artillery, and the sound of hoarse voices crying in the night is tempered by artistic moderation. With a company largely made up of young and unknown actors, every part is so presented as to sustain the illusion. Each figure is pictorially distinct and convincing. The hungry, dust-covered, fierce-eyed men in butternut, the eager messengers, the reckless fellows of the telegraph service, the dapper officers of the home guard, the darkies—all are felt to be characters, not puppets.

Of the better-known players, Odette Tyler sustains the ingenious "comic relief" with charming vivacity, and Amy Busby depicts the heroine's love, horror, bewilderment, fear, and anguish in the key set by Mr. Gillette.

EDWARD A. DITHMAR

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE IN FRANCE AND AMERICA.

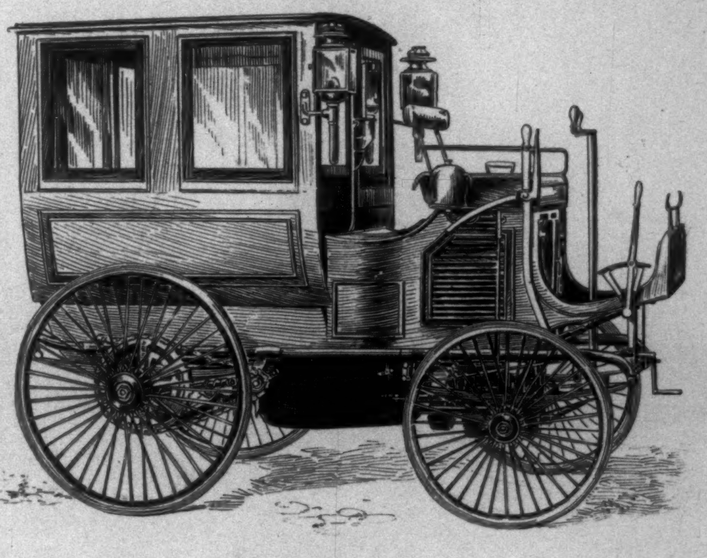
The United States is not usually tardy in what concerns out-door pleasure, or in making the most of innovations with more serious possibilities. At this date it would be unfair to lay stress on the self-running vehicle, the automobile, as a thing for mere pleasuring. The element of its utility in every democratic way has been in the minds of its inventors and improvers from the first. Its double character is demonstrated in France with a distinctness of which we are not yet making much, although America's practical interest in it, beyond doubt, is on the eve of a far more startling display. Meantime in Paris and many departmental centres of France automobilism has ceased to be merely a luxurious fad. It has become a local usage. It is a largely capitalized industry. The boulevards, the Bois de Vincennes—not to a general extent the Bois de Boulogne, municipal regulations opposing—the firm French suburban roads by sea-shore and mountain, are atrundle with horseless vehicles, with the most aristocratic of drivers, or drivers by no means aristocratic. The shops begin to deliver your purchases by self-running wagons. Four hundred automobiles and upwards are registered in Paris itself. Hundreds are scattered in other cities. More than a hundred names swell the smartest and newest of Parisian clubs, the "Des Automobiles," with costly winter quarters, and a summer villa out near the "Madrid." Automobilism has its races, "rallyes," fêtes, meets, and legal penalties for the caution of careless automedons. It has its own journal, an entertaining sheet under the personal care of M. Paul Meyan. The automobile is the car of Venus and Cupid. Before long it will be the chariot of Mars, for the army has a sharp eye upon it. France is fairly—automobilious!

The genesis of the horseless wagon in France dates only from 1873. In that year M. Amédée Bollée—the Michaux of automobilism—set in motion at his works in Le Mans, Sarthe, "L'Obeissante," rolling rather heavily but successfully. Five years later M. Bollée put forth his second important carriage, the "Mancelle." It was a much better creation, making a fairly rapid trip presently from his establishment to Vienna. Great indignation, withal, did it excite in the Austrian capital among the redoubtable coachmen there, who, regarding it as a menace to their calling of the whip all the world over, made improper gestures at it, stoned it, tried to disable it, to steal it. But not even a Viennese *Kutscher* could stay the march of invention. New and better machines succeeded. Other innovators worked. Capacious and powerful vehicles were completed here and there. No general and fashionable impetus, however, was effected until to the problems of the motor successfully were applied petroleum, gasolene, naphtha, and even acetylene. The latest advances, electricity and hot-air systems, are still something too experimental to please the generality of makers and purchasers. But success with these is near. The United States students of the automobile's future are especially intent on such processes. In the mean time France is largely content and busy with the systems of steam and of gas.

AN AUTOMOBILE CARRIAGE FOR USE IN THE COUNTRY.

Manufacturers of automobile vehicles in France are scattered about the country, though Paris is naturally a headquarters and showroom for nearly all. Elaborate plants and large French capital already are employed. In their carriages they already follow out all the patterns offered by the regular carriage-builder. One can now procure an omnibus, brake (*Fr.*, bréak), T-cart, phaeton, coupé, victoria, "boghey" (*Ang.*, buggy!), dog-cart—anything. Leading houses are spoken of as behind in filling their orders, and fifteen hundred francs was lately paid by one impatient customer to another and prior purchaser for the sake of having an ordinary vehicle finished out of turn. The entire output of one firm till 1897 was recently bought by a Paris manufacturer of pneumatic tires, to resell it at a premium. For English rights in two systems, some weeks ago, a British firm (with a colonial transportation contract in view) paid a million francs.

The French horseless carriage usually is of the power of the "family" pleasure vehicle for country driving—that is to say, of two-horse power, augmented to four and even to much more powerful machines. There are made and procurable coaches and brakes of six, eight, or even twenty-five horse power, similar to the capacious ones owned by the Count de Dion and Baron van der Zuylen, president of the Cercle des Automobilistes. As has been said, steam and explosive gas are ordinary systems, awaiting those in which electricity or hot-air inventions shall be perfected. Noise and odors lately have been reduced to a minimum with the systems in hand. The rate of speed—which half a dozen notable long-distance races and meets in the vicinity of Paris and elsewhere have been illustrating this summer and autumn, with much social brilliancy as events—has averaged sixteen miles per hour. Speed naturally depends much on road conditions. We lack France's superb roads; and American automobilism is likely to be hampered in various rural sections of the country. To be sure, driving for pleasure is not supposed to consider much else. But there will always be trains to catch, doctors to fetch, and catering to our national vice of hurry.



AN AUTOMOBILE WAGONETTE.

As to cost in maintaining a horseless carriage in use, in France it has been set at from two to four cents per mile. In our country the amount, wear and tear included, would be something more. As to the first expense, your vehicle, an automobile, can hardly be counted within everybody's purse as yet. Its simple elegance and motive machinery reckon up. A good French one ranges in price from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred dollars. Of course small and relatively bicyclelike vehicles are much under this tariff. With these the present article does not deal. The automobile bicycle's future, withal, like its excuse, is hardly clear, or legitimately to be associated with automobilism proper. Physical exercise is the essence of bicycling, and it has no business to be independent of human muscles and nerves.

As regards the influence of this active success of French automobilism, especially during eighteen months, on American manufacturers, it is to be said that the influence is vital, though the general public may not be in a position to observe the fact. To begin with, the United States automobilism is not a thing in mere abeyance. The vicinity of New York and Washington and the high-roads of New England are by no means strangers to automobiles of American making.* Hartford has for some time used, with excellent results, a powerful automobile fire-engine. It is a known matter that several of our largest bicycle-manufacturing houses are investing large capital and preparing liberal building space for taking up the making and sale of the horseless carriage in every style—when the hour strikes. In Philadelphia, a prominent electric company have stated their confidence of seeing a special automobile of their make in general use in course of a couple of years from now. Five hundred and sixty patents, or schemes for patenting, have been spoken of as existing in diagram and model—evidence of an intense undercurrent of American concentration in the matter. But the field, it seems, is yet open. The decisive system is yet unperfected. A better-controlled and more promptly managed vehicle is mentioned as a desideratum holding the intending makers in check—this as much as details of actual motive power. They will be solved soon, all such questions. A fortune waits their conquerors. What automobilism to-day is in France even, much less the United States, is but a shadow of automobilism to come, automobilism already wheeling up noiselessly to our doors.

Danger? Accidents? Certainly. Exactly as there must always be reckoned danger and accidents in use of horse-vehicles. Only this autumn such a *contretemps* cast a gloom over a lively outing of the Paris automobilists trundling out to St.-Germain—one wherein a collision injured several guests of the Comte de Dion in his large brake. But in the case of the automobile that comes to grief (there have been exceedingly few mishaps yet), no furious animals are to be held, no hoofs pound you to a jelly, and the important initial danger, the frightening of horses, does not come into account. The list of casualties never can attain that tale of hourly breakings of limbs and of sudden deaths, a universal and commonplace attribute of horse traction, that outdoes the mortality from the fires

* The Chicago automobile race in November of last year was a signal event in the interest of our automobilism.

AN AUTOMOBILE PHAETON FOR FAMILY USE.

AN AUTOMOBILE "TILBURY."

Ex-Mayor John Patrick Hopkins. Senator James K. Jones.

Senator Henry M. Teller. Governor John P. Altgeld.

WHERE REPRESENTATIVE POLITICIANS OF ALL PARTIES GATHER—A SCENE IN THE

Ex-Governor Horace Boies.

Mark A. Hanna. Senator Shelby M. Cullom. Peter E. Studebaker.

HE FOYER OF THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

and the derailments of the trains of all the world. A little caution and reasonable experience should make this element of personal risk moderate.

With the outlook on French automobilism in chief, as to-day practically demonstrated, and with what is quietly going forward on our side of the sea, it is to be questioned if the last days of the horse as an essential in city and rural transportation of mankind or manufactures be not come.

And so much the better for the horse. Here in America, with due bettering of our roads, with our pulsating bicycle fever, with the wealth of the average American keeping a country house as well as a city home, and keeping a stable with both, the automobile is sure to make an enormous leap to general recognition soon. No department of public service will hesitate to adopt it as soon as the best systems to adopt are evident. We can expect that any matter calling for swift wheels, any service not specially in the bicycle's easier province, shall be the automobile's part—the opera drive at night, the Park parade in the afternoon, the milk-wagon, and kitchen supply; these will be the least of normal uses. All the world will keep a carriage. All the world will drive. The Prophet Ezekiel's vision of whirling wheel within wheel will be read in a new and intensely nineteenth-century sense.

The course of empire will take its way westward in a cyclonic rush of bicycles, tricycles, automobiles. The horse will be a curio, or a creature for the dinner table. The proverbs about him will have to be revised. We shall remember not to look a gift automobile in the motor; not to put a beggar on our automobile, lest he ride it to pieces. We shall all go gayly rolling and careering around town and country-side; because to own the carriage will be as cheap and as expected as to pay for your flat or your railway commutation ticket.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THE REAL QUESTION.

BY PAUL DUNBAR.

Folks is talkin' 'bout de money, 'bout de silvah an' de gold;
All de time de season's changin' an' de days is gittin' cold.
An' dey's wond'rin' 'bout de metals, whethah we'll have one er two,
While de price o' coal is risin' an' dey's two mouths' rent dat's due.

Some folks says dat gold's de only money dat is wuff de name,
Den de othahs rise an' tell 'em dat dey ought to be ashame,
An' dat silvah is de only thing to save us f'om de powah
Of de gold-bug ragin' 'roun' an' seekin' who he may devowah.

Well, you folks kin keep on shoutin' wif yo' gold er silvah cry,
But I tell you people hams is sceerce an' fowls is roostin' high.
An' hit ain't de so't o' money dat is pesterin' my min',
But de question I want answered 's how to git at any kin'!

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS AND SILVER.

THE PURCHASING POWER OF THE FARMER'S INCOME.

The preceding paper, "Wages and Silver," proved very emphatically that wage-earners were much better off from 1873 to 1891 than ever before, because their incomes would buy a greatly increased amount of the necessaries of life.

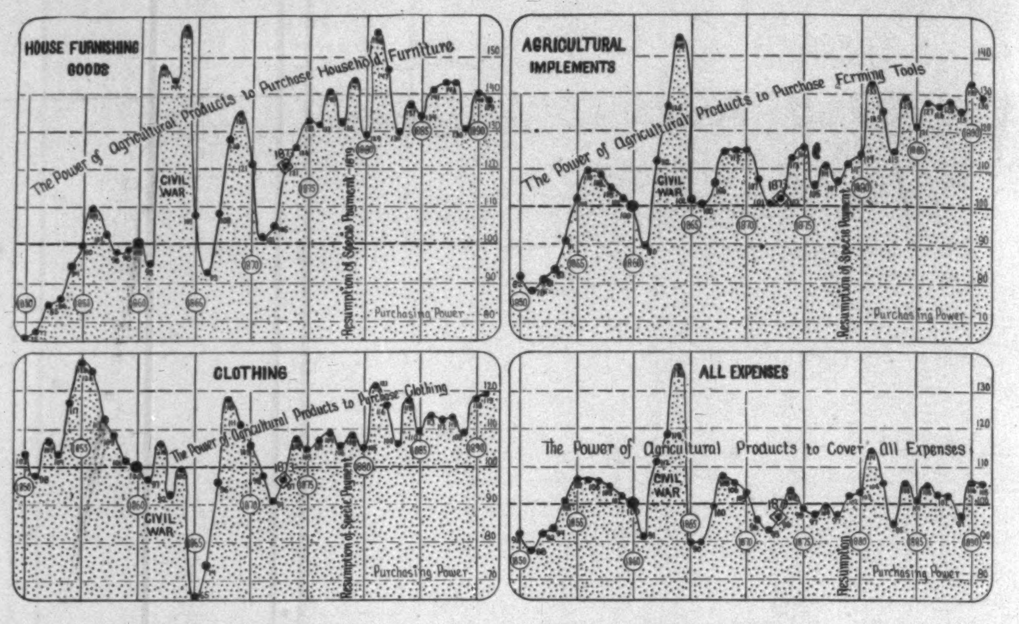
The other class for which silverites loudly proclaim their sympathy is the great farming population. The income of the farmer is the money which he receives for his products. When the price of his products declines, his income diminishes. A diminished income will not buy as much clothing or furniture, nor as large a supply of farming-tools, unless the price of those articles also decline as much as the price of the farmer's products.

Those readers who can vividly recall the course of the prices of manufactured products as portrayed in the diagrams of "Prices and Silver," in Harper's Weekly of October 10, will remember that in some cases the decline was considerable. Putting together the diagrams showing the decline in the price of agricultural products (Harper's Weekly of October 17) and those showing the drop in the price of manufactured products would greatly aid in determining which set of products had declined the more.

A better way, however, is to compute the difference year by year for the whole period, and thereby to learn whether the farmer has really lost or gained in the battle of declining prices. The Senate Committee's Report (discussed in "Prices and Silver," referred to above) furnishes the data for that computation. Using the average price of agricultural products to represent the farmer's income, it is easy to find how much clothing that income would purchase year by year, by dividing the income by the price of clothing.

The accompanying diagrams show the result of four such computations, and therefore enable the reader easily and quickly to determine whether the commercial battle has gone for or against the farmer since the "Crime of 1873."

The Diagrams.—As in the preceding studies, 1860 is made the comparison date, and 1860 values are recorded as 100 in each case; and the 1860 dot is made large, so as readily to be seen. All values greater than that of 1860 are represented by dots placed higher up on the diagram than the 1860 dot, and values less than that of 1860 by dots placed lower than the 1860 dot. The figures accompanying the dots record (in nearest whole numbers) the respective values represented. Each fifth year is marked



THE PURCHASING POWER OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—1850-1891.

by a perpendicular line carrying a circle, in which the year is written.

Farming-Tools.—All farmers of advanced years easily remember when they had to pay considerably higher prices than at present for a much more clumsy and otherwise inferior plough or wagon. They know, too, that this is equally true of almost if not quite all tools used in farming operations. The reduction in the price of this class of products is well represented in the Senate Committee's Report on "Metals and Implements."* This report, then, makes it practicable to know whether the farmer could buy a larger or smaller supply of farming-tools with his products after 1873 than he could buy at that date. This purchasing power is portrayed in the diagram "Agricultural Implements."

The dot representing the purchasing power in 1873 is specially marked by a diamond-shaped enclosure, above which is the date 1873. The recording figures accompanying the dot are 102, showing that the purchasing power was two points above that of 1860. The dots for the years following 1873 are all higher up on the diagram, showing that the purchasing power from 1873 to 1891 was never so small as in 1873. That is, the price of farming-tools had declined more year by year than the price of farm products, giving a considerable advantage to the farmer in this important division of his expenditure.

According to the diagram, the three great years of the farmer's advantage in this comparison were 1862, 1863, and 1864, during the civil war. The Senate Committee, however, call attention to the fact that the advance in the price of agricultural products for those years is largely due to the enormous advance in the price of cotton, which was rather a price than an income, for so little was sold. It is proper, therefore, to consider the diagram values of those years as exceeding the fact, especially for Northern farmers, and largely to discount that tall projection on the diagram.

It is not necessary to do this, however, to discover that the trend of the whole period from 1850 to 1891 was upward, showing, in spite of all fluctuations, an increasing purchasing power. That is to say, a given quantity of agricultural products, at their average price, would buy an increasingly larger supply of farming-tools at their average price. It is also clearly evident that any influence set in operation in 1873 had no more effect on the purchasing power than would a pebble in the bottom of a river have in diminishing the volume of water flowing over it.

Furniture.—Another considerable item in the farmer's expense account year after year (though by no means as large as the cost of farming-tools) is the cost of articles of house-furnishing. Chairs, tables, and bedsteads wear out, or must be replaced by more modern ones. There is also a constant outgo for crockery, glassware, tubs, pails, and various other manufactured articles. As many littles make a large total, this division of the farmer's expense account is worth investigating.

The diagram "House-Furnishing Goods" is almost a duplicate of that of "Agricultural Implements" in its general lesson. Its fluctuations are more pronounced, and it has other minor modifications, but the general upward trend of purchasing power is just as plainly marked, and therefore the farmer's advantage is just as clearly indicated.

Clothing.—While clothing is not as important an item to the farmer as to the dweller in villages and cities, it is still to be taken account of even in the farmer's house, for each year new coats or shoes or dresses must be provided for some or all of the family. The diagram portraying this comparison indicates plainly that the farmer's wheat, corn, and potatoes would, on the average, buy fully as much clothing before the civil war as since. It also just as clearly shows that they would buy more clothing every year since 1873 than they would in that year. While, therefore, there is scarcely any trend for the period of forty years as a whole, there is clearly an upward trend since 1873, and the silverite is again defeated by facing the facts.

All Expenses.—While the three groups of expenditure examined constitute a large portion of ordinary annual outlay for the farmer, there should be included other items. His buildings are wearing out year by year, and must at last be replaced. While he raises most of his

* Senate Report No. 1394, Fifty-second Congress, Second Session, Vol. I, p. 99, where will also be found the three series of prices used in making the computations delineated in the three other diagrams. The average price of agricultural products will be found in the same volume, page 107 in currency, and 110 in gold.

food, yet it should be included in the account at the same figure as it would cost any other person to buy it. There are miscellaneous expenditures also. Some of these items show a disadvantage to the farmer in this comparison.

It is therefore only fair to inquire whether, including the whole range of expenditure, the battle has gone for or against him. This question is answered in the diagram "All Expenses," which shows a remarkable uniformity of relation to the 1860 purchasing power. The line of dots swings, now a little above, now a little below, the base-line. This plainly indicates, then, that the farmer's products have practically the same purchasing value for all articles (including food) as in 1860.

That, however, is not the question. How about the record since 1873, that great pivotal date of the silverite's calendar? The 1873 dot on this last diagram is seen to be four points below the base-line, its value being recorded as 96. No other year following 1873 records so low a value except 1883, which is one point lower. All other years range from one to several points higher; and the average range of the whole eighteen years is 102, six points higher. This inquiry, therefore, ends as unhappily for the silverite as all the others.

The diagrams have several points of interest as historical studies, aside from this particular investigation. The absence of the civil-war increase in the "Clothing" diagram is the most prominent. That is explained by the fact that the price of clothing advanced so rapidly (because of the demand of clothing for the army, and because of the high price of cotton) as to outstrip the advance of the average price of agricultural products. The increase of the purchasing power in every instance in the late "sixties," and also in 1881, attracts attention. The former is due to the fact that manufactured products declined faster in price than did agricultural products during those years. The 1881 increase is due to the fact that the "boom" following the resumption of specie payment in 1879 found its climax, in the case of manufactured products, in 1880, while in the case of agricultural products the climax was reached in 1881, so that relatively the price of agricultural products was considerably higher than that of manufactured products in 1881.

These features, however interesting, are not pertinent to the question under discussion, which asks whether the farmer was harmed in his financial relations by the silver legislation of 1873, and that question is clearly answered in the negative. It is true the investigation shows no such overwhelming contradiction of the silverite's claim as in the case of the wage-earner. The contradiction is, however, just as flat, for it shows no harm to the farmer whatever, but, instead, a decided improvement in his position after 1873, to and including 1891. If the battle has gone against him since that date, it is evidently because of some new force, wholly unrelated to the silver problem.

F. W. Hewes.

THE DEVICE OF FAIT MACDOWDEN.

There was something to be said for Fait MacDowden, although the neighborhood had unanimously decided long ago that "he was a heap lazier than any nigger 'n town, an' gen'rally no account."

To begin with, the sun of North Carolina has undoubtedly an enervating effect, and Fait had felt it from his youth up. As he often justly remarked, "'Twas a good bit healthier 'n' cooler sittin' in ther Court-house Squar' watchin' them fools the lawyers a-talkin' than up a-ploughin' corn er terbaccer in ther home patch."

But even if Fait had been able to overcome his antipathy to the power of the sun, he had made so unfortunate a step early in life that it was, indeed, useless to fight against circumstances now. Fait's wife could not support him; in fact, she was sick, "'n' er doct'rin' 'n' doct'rin' ther whole blessed time, when she should hev ben a-washin' or doin' a little hoein' maybe." It is true that when Fait had married her, at the early age of seventeen, she had been as jolly and rosy-cheeked as any girl who ever helped plant corn and sugar-cane up the Hominy. She did well at first, and they lived finely on the proceeds from the washing and ironing she did for the boarding-houses on the hill.

Fait felt that the neighborhood respected his business sagacity in choosing a wife, at least. So he sat even longer on the fence in the Court-house Square in term-time, or hunted coons, or played the banjo and told stories to a select circle of cronies at the "valley" grocery store the rest of the year. But, alas, fortune ever changes, and as

the little MacDowdens began to fill the old gray cabin their mother grew thin and pale, and used to cry in a most uncomfortable fashion, about the condition of the corn-meal sack and the lack of bacon, when Fait started for town in the morning.

"It's ther most disheartin' thing I ever seed," said Fait, dismally, one night, to his boon companion, old Will Winter. "Loreny's no more thè gal she used ter be 'n' ever was. This evenin' one of them ladies from ther hotel come down 'n' done asked her ter do er bit or washin', 'n' I er urgin' her to take ther chance, when she throwed her aprun over her head 'n' sobbed liker baby, 'n' said as how her back had clean gin out 'n' she'd better die. I can't see nohow what's ailin' her. Her father, blamed on'ery ol' man, says he won't do nothin' fer we-all, 'n' he er rollin' 'n money up ter ther mill."

Delicacy forbade Mr. Winter from commenting on this remark, as Lorena's father, a well-to-do miller, had openly refused to help his daughter's family unless his son-in-law did his share in supporting the household.

"Ya-as," said Will, finally, "I'll allow yer hard up. Folks is down on yer here, an' talk mighty mean. Why don't yer migrate somewhar?"

"Migrate?" said Fait, with a start. "Why, ther's Loreny 'n' ther little dickens—"

"Ol' man Turner 'll see ter 'em ef you was gone," answered Winter; "'n' Tom Waters, him who used ter live in the old Dyer place, is er huntin' a man ter help him take stock to ther West. Yer was allers handy with ther cattle; he mought take yer, 'n' yer mought do well," urged Winter, whose lame leg prevented his doing any active work himself, and who had a sneaking fondness for Fait, and was troubled at his gathering misfortunes.

"Er ther mountains thar?" said Fait, who had been ruminating in silence.

Winter answered, somewhat surprised at the question: "Heaps on 'em; piles higher 'n ourn, I've heerd say. I disremember whar Waters said he was goin', but them mountings is all over."

Fait looked relieved. "I reckon I'll speak ter him," he said. "Heigho, but yer 'valley' folks will be er starin' when I come home 'n' swell aroun' wi' my money as Tom Waters does. I guess as how I'll bring Loreny 'n' ther young uns some boughten gowns 'n' some gold chains maybe."

Winter nodded assent in silence, secretly thinking that Loreny would never see the "boughten gowns" or the "gold chains" either, unless Fait developed some new characteristic in the Western air. Fait remained true, however, to his decision. Will Winter persuaded Waters to take him on his Western trip, and the stock-dealer consented, despite the sneers of his neighbors. The whole "valley" was thrown into excitement. Lorena wept even more unrestrainedly than ever, and upbraided her father with being "mean 'n' miserly, 'n' drivin' her husband from her." Fait rather enjoyed his new-born dignity, and moved among his friends with an air of hauteur, prophesying the great things he would do, and soothing his wife with promises of future gold and glory.

So Fait departed one bright morning. His heart sank a little as he crossed the run and looked back up at the cabin standing in its homely bareness against the soft greens of the mountain behind it. When the house itself was out of sight, he turned and watched the smoke as it ascended to the sky, picturing to himself the group of children playing on the cabin floor, and Loreny crying beside the fire that smoked and flared on the rough old hearth-stone.

But he hurried on, trampling down as he walked the wild morning-glory vines, whose rich red and purple blossoms covered the mountain-path. Soon, however, all regret was gone, and Fait MacDowden was the noisiest and wildest of the men in the cattle-car, as they gambled and drank the time away, while the train dashed swiftly on toward the great Western plain.

If "success is only the result of hard and constant work," and not the gift of the blind goddess who deals in fickle fortune, then Fait's temporal condition after a sojourn of three months in the stock-yards of Chicago might easily have been foretold.

He parted soon with Tom Waters, who found his constitutional lack of energy by no means balanced by his ability to manage cattle, and who dropped the unfortunate Carolinian as soon as he conveniently could.

At first Fait managed to get enough to do to be moderately comfortable; but men were clamoring for work around the yard, and Fait's slow, Southern negro ways and his drawling tongue disgusted the "bosses," and he was "passed over" for men who were steadier and more lively in their methods. An occasional odd job kept him from starvation; but these were hard to find, and a more utterly unhappy and disconsolate creature could scarcely have been found in all the great city's dens of misery than poor Fait, as he sat cowering in the corner of his dirty little room in a miserable lodging-house one afternoon in September. It was a wet day, and the driving storm came through the broken window-panes and made great puddles on the floor, from which miniature rivers formed and rolled around the room.

Fait's companion in this watery waste was a queer-looking fellow named Jim Clark. Lank and thin, a touch of New England smartness shone in his face, but it was obscured by his sly and vindictive expression. Although much wiser in the world's rough ways, he was at present as hard up and nearly as penniless as Fait himself. From the filthy straw mattress on which he lay he growled out an occasional answer to Fait's dismal complaining. For besides his poverty-stricken condition, Fait was crazy with homesickness. He had known poverty all his life, but never loneliness like this. He hated the great city, its crowds of hurrying people, he hated the sharp-faced, quick-dealing Northerners, the strange tongue of the many foreigners, the cold biting winds, and, above all, the everlasting flatness of the land. He even hated the blue waters of the beautiful lake, for down in his vagabond heart dwelt a passionate love for his mountain country, and he longed for it now with a keen desire.

"I wish you'd shut up on your old cabins in North Carolina," said Clark, sharply. "You'd best get out and go home instead of mooning here."

"Yer know I can't go far 'n forty cents, 'n' seems like I'll never git no more," answered Fait, gloomily.

Both men were silent for a time, while the rivers increased in magnitude and the wind whistled sharply through the room. Clark raised himself finally, and looking at his moody companion, said: "Why don't you get yer folks to send for yer? You'll never get nothing here."

Fait shook his head. "I'll git naught from them. They'd scarce pay my funeral bill, only they'd be wantin' not ter miss ther sight of er buryin'."

An idea seemed to strike Clark.

"They're great on funerals down your way, I've heard," he said.

"Ya-as, folks has som' heart down thar, 'n' mourns their fr'en's," returned Fait.

"You'd best let on yer dead, and get 'em to send on the money to bury yer," suggested Clark.

Fait sprung from his corner. "That's a gran' idea of yourn; Loreny might go ter ol' Turner 'n' ther valley folks, 'n' I mought git er pile for sure, 'n' I mought"—and his voice trembled with eagerness—"I mought go home."

Thus was born the famous device, and the two worthies concocted a little scheme between them, which, after some quarrelling, resulted as follows:

Mrs. Lorena MacDowden received a letter which read thus:

"Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Madam,—It is with great sorrow that I write to inform you that your late lamented husband departed this life after a painful illness on Monday this week. His disease was pluromeningetis. [Clark had struggled over the disease, but Fait had begged him "to giv 'em a big word," and he had manufactured it on the spot.] His sufferings was awful, and if you will send money for the funeral expenses and word as to the disposal of the corpse, although I am a poor man, I am his best friend, and will do what you desire. Your respectful servant,

James Clark."

Clark was excessively proud of this letter, as he had laboriously studied up the spelling of each word from old newspapers and almanacs.

This letter created havoc in the heart of poor Lorena, and stirred "the valley" to its utmost depths. Lorena's passionate tears, her cries of despair, so worked upon her father that he offered her fifty dollars at once for funeral expenses. The tender hearts of "the valley" folk were moved as they thought of Fait, poor shiftless Fait, dead among strangers, far from home.

Will Winter addressed a sympathetic crowd at the store and urged a public subscription. "Gentlemen," said he, "Fait MacDowden was a true North Carolinian; let him lie in her soil." The men, black and white, all subscribed a little—ten cents, twenty-five, or fifty even, and the list grew. Old Colonel Johnson, from the "hill," rode down to Fait's cabin and handed Mrs. Fait five dollars. "Your husband's father was killed at Shiloh, served in my regiment, and his son shall also lie in a Southern grave," he said, in his grandest manner. So Fait's virtues were exalted, and despite the poverty of the people the money rolled in, and poor Lorena was much excited. The old Methodist preacher wrote to the unknown James Clark and told him to send the body on, and sent a check to cover all expenses. A few worldly suspicious souls ventured to suggest that it would be wiser to send some one on with the money; but the valley people were timid, and dreaded the great world outside; they said it would be too expensive. In truth, no one wanted to go.

In Chicago the money was received with amazed joy by the two conspirators. Fait could hardly believe his eyes, and was half crazy between his eagerness to start for home and his anger at Clark, who claimed more than half the money.

"'Twas my idea and I did the writin'," asserted the New-Englander.

"'Twarn't yer idear, 'n' ther money's mine," said Fait, his black eyes gleaming.

"You're a lively corpse!" said Clark, scornfully, but somewhat frightened at the Southerner's vehemence. The matter was finally adjusted by Clark's taking less than half the check, and Fait bought, with a happy face, a return ticket. He celebrated the night before his departure, and went to bed gloriously drunk. Clark found the time he expected to start, and used fifty cents of his newly acquired cash in sending a telegram to Mrs. MacDowden, announcing the time of the arrival of her husband's "body."

"He'll get a hot reception, I hope," said the revengeful Yankee, as he slouched away down the street.

The next day Fait started for home. It was not until the great mountains loomed about him in familiar beauty, and his homesick heart was soothed and satisfied, that this swindler and archdeceiver began to consider the end of his fraud. How would the valley people like his sudden reappearance without his coffin? He became faintly uneasy as the train climbed its steady way through the wild Tennessee country, so like his own. He wondered how Loreny had gotten so much money, and feared she must have asked others besides "ol' man Turner." Still, his "happy-go-lucky" nature was not perturbed. He would soon be in the old cabin again, and he did not care what happened. Meanwhile in "the valley" all was excitement and preparation. The neighborhood decided to assemble at the little station and help the widow receive her dead. Even a hearse was hired from town, and came rattling over the stony roads, much impressing the school-children and the little darkies, who fled amain.

When Fait left the main line and scrambled into the back car of the little valley local, pleasure and a half-dread contended in his heart. The brakeman, an old chum, came through and gazed at him, at first doubtfully, then amazed certainty flashed into his face.

"Heavens!" he cried. "Why, MacDowden, are yer alive? We was expecting ter carry up yer coffin."

Fait looked at him helplessly. It was depressing, to say the least.

"I—I ain't dead," he stammered.

"I see yer ain't," answered the brakeman, with a grin. "How was it? Folks is all up in the valley, expectin' a big funeral."

A faint sense of humor relieved Fait's gloom. "I recovered sudden. Them Western diseases is quar. They comes 'n' goes right quick."

The brakeman smiled appreciatively. "You was always a tricky lot, Fait," he remarked, as he proceeded to call the conductor aside and enlighten him as to his distinguished live freight.

Soon Fait could see the spire of the old meeting-house against the mountain, and then the whole valley settlement lay before him—the few unpainted houses with their broken-down fences and dilapidated sheds; the cabins up the mountain; the cleared fields of corn and tobacco; the chincapin bushes he knew so well outlining the edge of the rapid mountain stream. Now he could see the station; there was a crowd there; it looked like election day; all sorts of wagons and carts—and then his heart throbbed suddenly, for he saw the hearse. He could see plainly now Lorena and the children in deepest black weeping and watching the train. He felt the jar of the brakes. They stopped. A crowd of men advanced; he divined what for instantly, and for a moment struggled with a wild instinct for flight. He saw the brakeman coming down the aisle, and his sneering smile roused all Fait's latent courage. He walked to the door and stood on the platform, in full view of all the crowd. There was a silence, then a cry of horror from the people.

The group of men surged away from the baggage-car and surrounded him.

"Friends," said Fait, desperately, "I'm here 'n' not dead, after all."

His wife at his voice rushed toward him, her long black veil dragging after her. "Oh, Fait! Oh, Fait!" she called, frantically.

But a man's voice rang from the crowd. "Yer back an' lively enough, we see. We've ben er givin' money an' er sympathizin' 'n' er weepin' fer yer, now we'd turned out heah ter bury yer, an' here yer be for sure. Some one's ben er lyin' about yer. We might hev knowed as such er good-fer-nothing as yer allers was would hev turned up right 'n th' end. Did ye come back in er parler-car wi' ther money we give yer fer your coffin?"

Fait still stood silent, and an angry murmur swept through the people. Emotional and passionate, it is a short transition from light grief to deep anger. Loreny had, however, reached the steps, and now climbed up to Fait's side. He suddenly put out his hand and held her off, and turned to the crowd:

"Old friends," he said, "I'm desperate bad ernough, but I ain't much at lyin'. I've hed an awful time in that ther cursed country Chicago. Ther's no mountings—no, not one—no tobaccer er cane er growin', but a big city whar ther was no chance fer sich as me. I've ben miserable poor here, yer know, but I was er starvin' ther. 'Twas cold, 'n' ther wind was cruel like, 'n' seems as how I'd like ter die ef I did'n' come home. A man thar, as lodged wi' me, was er talkin' of funerals, 'n' I thought sudden like that ef yer thought me dead yer might be er willin' ter bury me—an' I'd come home with ther money. So he writ ther letter 'n' ye kindly sent ther money, 'n' here I be." Here he paused, and his voice trembled. "But now I see as I've ben er bad lot for sure, when ye er all angry, an' was more glad ter welcom' me dead nor alive. A man ain't much es that kin be said of, but it's hard on a feller." Loreny sprang towards him, and threw her arms around his neck and sobbed on his shoulder, unmindful of the borrowed black plumes she wore; for Loreny possessed a foolish loving little heart, despite her weaknesses of mind and body.

Fait kissed her. "Yer best stop cryin'; folks thinks ye'd be better off ef I was in my coffin," he muttered.

Old Will Winter hobbled towards the two. "Come down, Fait; let's shake hands; I'm mighty glad ter see yer back. Things hes ben dull in th' valley."

The old parson's solemn voice then rose. "Brethren," he said, "it's ill work desiring and taking pleasure in a man's death. We should be glad to see this wanderer, who has returned as did a prodigal of old; an' ye mind his reception. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' I am glad Fait has told us the truth, and hope he'll repent his evil ways an' make good use of his home-comin'. Now ye'd all best say 'God bless you!' to him, an' welcome him like brethren."

Fait descended and passed through the crowd. He was greeted on all sides, sometimes with jests and sarcastic speeches, oftener with laughter or amused admonition. So the funeral procession dispersed, the hearse rattling away at the head of the crowd, which separated in haste, eager to carry the news home, where it was discussed around many a hearth fire that night.

As Fait, with his wife and children, climbed up the stony little street there came to his simple mind a sharp realization of the truth that as we live so does the world judge us, whether for good or evil.

A true estimate of one's accounted value is rarely given to any of us in this world of careless outward pretence. Perhaps Fait felt its power, and a faint desire to make his future life more worthy than the past crossed his mind. Who knows?

He only remarked, however, as he entered the cabin, "I reckon every feller in this valley 'ill be er dunnin' me fer my coffin bill, since they all give toward it."

"Ya-as," said Loreny, with tender pride, as she smoothed out the folds of the bedraggled veil, "they all subscribed."

Florence E. Stryker.

HALLOWEEN.

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite,
All are on their rounds to-night,—
In the wan moon's silver ray
Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack,
True unto the almanac,
They present to credulous eyes
Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

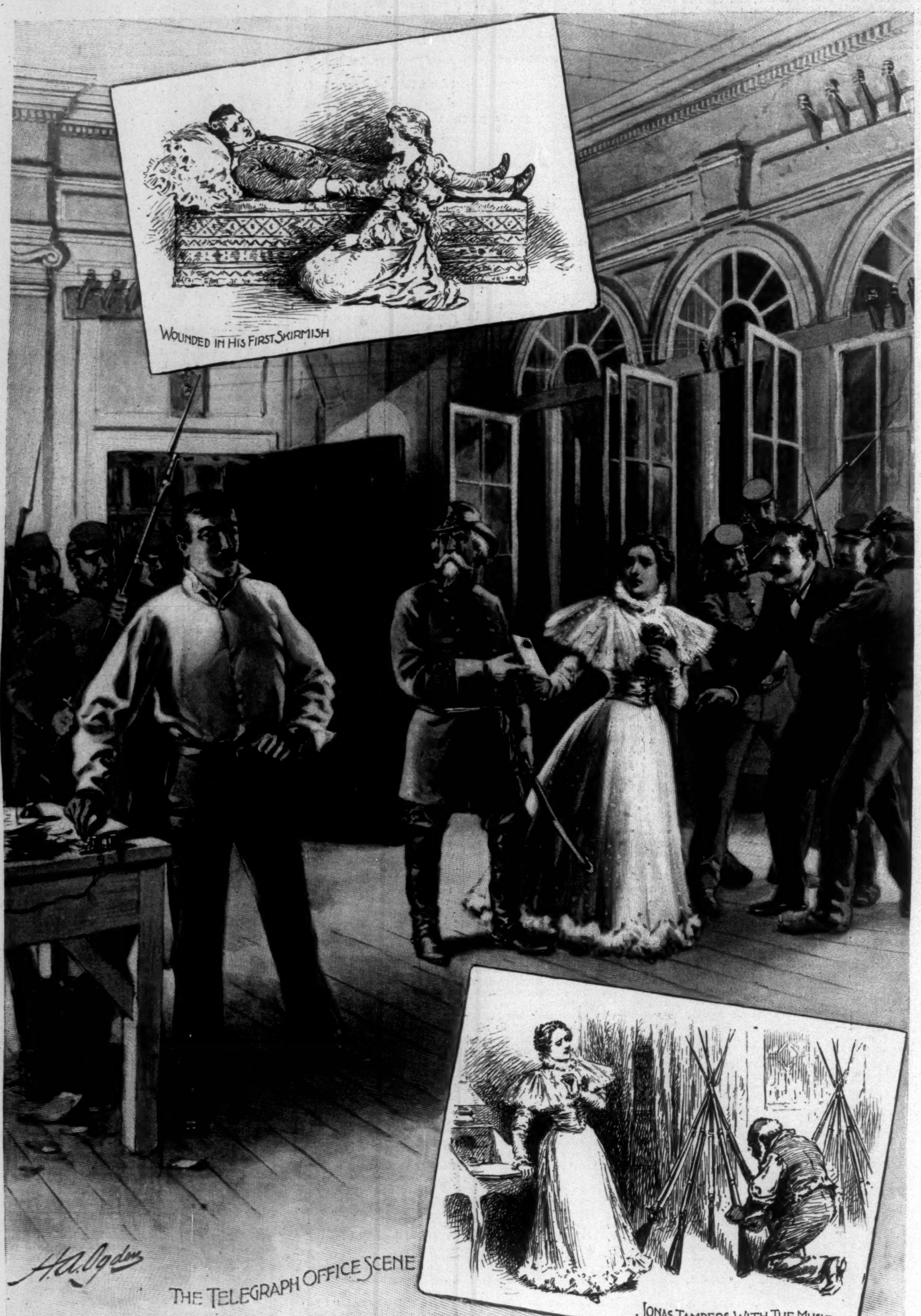
Cabbage-stumps—straws wet with dew—
Apple-skins, and chestnuts too,
And a mirror for some lass.
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and gates they hide,
Mischiefs that on moon-beams ride
Are their deeds,—and, by their spells,
Love records its oracles.

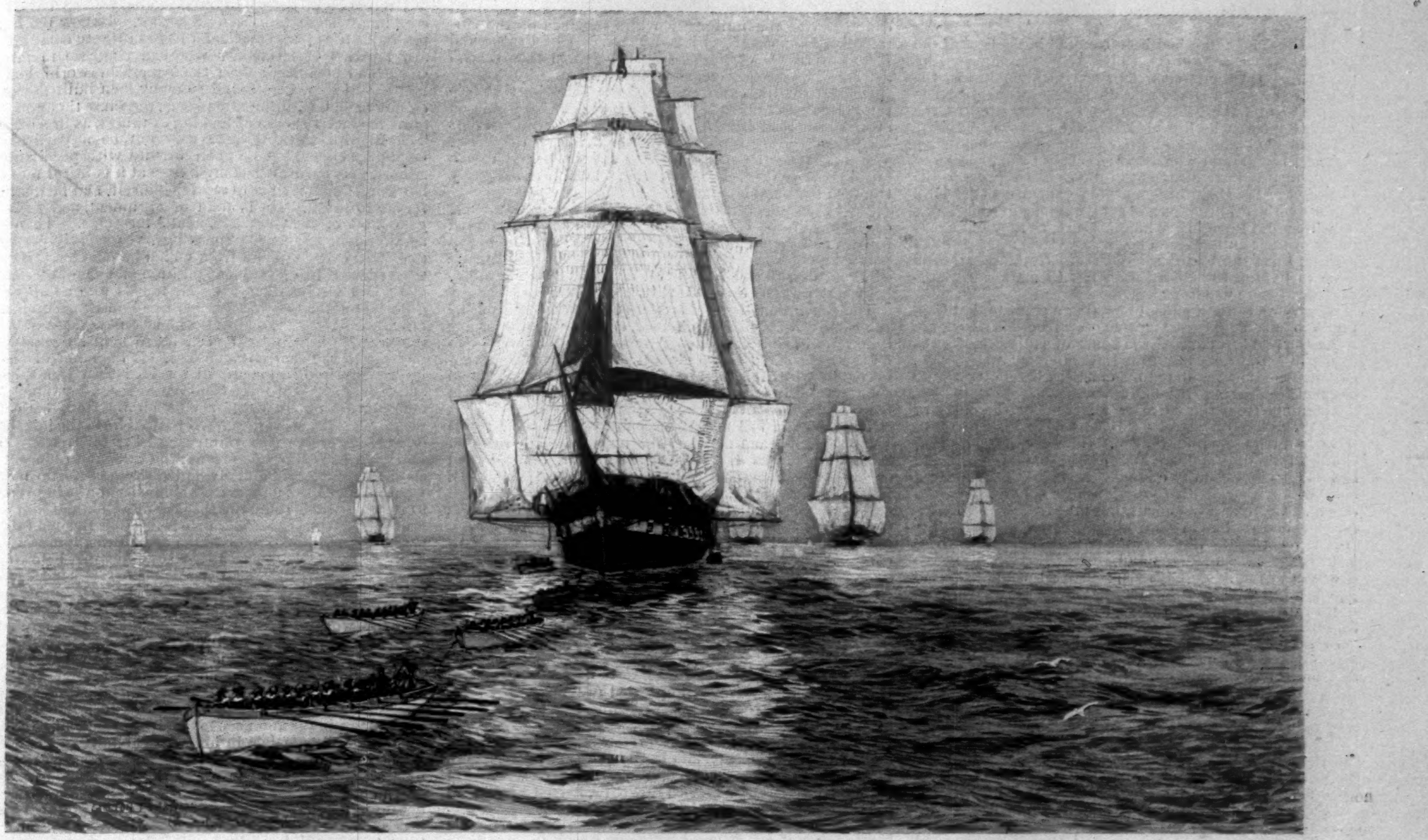
Don't we all, of long ago,
By the ruddy fireplace glow,
In the kitchen and the hall,
Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then—
But to-night they come again;
Were we once more but sixteen,
Precious would be Halloween.

Joel Benton.



SCENES FROM WILLIAM GILLETTE'S WAR DRAMA "SECRET SERVICE,"
AS PERFORMED AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE PAGE 1074.]



"HULL HOISTED OUT HIS BOATS AHEAD, AND THEY BEGAN THE WEARY WORK OF TOWING."—FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

CHASE OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

BY JAMES BARNES.

If during the naval war of 1812 any one man won laurels because he understood his ship, and thus triumphed over odds, that man was Captain Hull, and the ship was the old *Constitution*.

Returning from a mission to Europe during the uncertain, feverish days that preceded the declaration of war between England and America, Hull had drawn into the Chesapeake to outfit for a cruise. He had experienced a number of exciting moments in European waters, for everything was in a turmoil and every sail suspicious—armed vessels approached one another like dogs who show their fangs.

Although we were at peace, on more than one occasion Hull had called his men to quarters, fearing mischief. Once he did so in an English port, for he well remembered the affair of the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake*.

At Annapolis he shipped a new crew, and on July 12 he sailed around the capes and made out to sea. Five days later, when out of sight of land, sailing with a light breeze from the northeast, four sail were discovered to the north, heading to the westward. An hour later a fifth sail was seen to the northward and eastward. Before sunset it could be declared positively that the strangers were vessels of war, and without doubt English. The wind was fair for the nearest one to close, but before she came within three miles the breeze that had brought her up died out, and after a calm that lasted but a few minutes the light wind came from the southward, giving the *Constitution* the weather-gage.

And now began a test of seamanship and sailing powers the like of which has no equal in history for prolonged excitement. Captain Hull was almost alone in his opinion that the *Constitution* was a fast sailer. But it must be remembered, however, that a vessel's speed depends upon her handling, and with Isaac Hull on deck she had the best of it.

All through the night, which was not dark, signals and lights flashed from the vessels to leeward. The *Constitution*, it is claimed by the English, was taken for one of their own ships. She herself had shown the private signal of the day, thinking perhaps that the vessel near to hand might be an American.

Before daybreak three rockets arose from the ship astern of the *Constitution*, and at the same time she fired two guns. She was H. M. S. *Guerrière*, and, odd to relate, before long she was to strike her flag to the very frigate that was now so anxious to escape from her. Now, to the consternation of all, as daylight broadened, three sail were discovered on the starboard quarter and three more astern. Soon another one was spied to the westward. By nine o'clock, when the mists had lifted, the *Constitution* had to leeward and astern of her seven sail in sight—two frigates, a ship of the line, two smaller frigates, a brig, and a schooner. There was no doubt as to who they were, for in the light breeze the British colors tossed at their peaks. It was a squadron of Captain Sir Philip Vere Broke, and he would have given his right hand to be able to lessen the distance between him and the chase. But, luckily for "Old Ironsides," all of the Englishmen were beyond gunshot. Hull hoisted out his boats ahead, and they began the weary work of towing; at the same time stern-chasers were run out over the after-bulwarks and through the cabin windows. It fell dead calm, and before long all of the English vessels had begun to tow also. But the *Constitution* had the best position for this kind of work, as she could have smashed the boats of an approaching vessel, while her own were protected by her hull. One of the nearest frigates, the *Shannon*, soon opened fire, but her shot fell short, and she gave it up as useless. At this moment a brilliant idea occurred to Lieutenant Morris of the *Constitution*. It had often been the custom in our service to warp ships to their anchorage by means of kedge-anchors when in a narrow channel; by skilful handling they had sometimes maintained a speed of three knots an hour. Hull himself gives the credit for this idea to Lieutenant Charles Morris.

All the spare hawsers and rope that would stand the strain were spliced together, and a line almost a mile in length was towed ahead of the ship and a kedge-anchor dropped. At once the *Constitution* began to walk away from her pursuers—as she tripped one kedge she commenced to haul upon another. Now for the first time Hull displayed his colors and fired a gun; but it was not long before the British discovered the Yankee trick and were trying it themselves.

A slight breeze happily sprang up, which the *Constitution* caught first, and she forged ahead of the leading vessel, that had fifteen or sixteen boats towing away at her. Soon it fell calm again, and the towing and kedging were resumed. But the *Belvidera*, headed by a flotilla of row-boats, gained once more, and Hull sent overboard some twenty-four hundred gallons of water to lighten his vessel. A few shots were exchanged without result. But without ceasing the wearisome work went on, and never a grumble was heard, although the men had been on duty and hard at work twelve hours and more.

This was to be only the beginning of it. Now and then breezes would spring from the southward, and the tired sailors would seize the occasion to throw themselves on the deck and rest, often falling asleep leaning across the guns—the crews had never left their quarters.

From eleven o'clock in the evening until past midnight the breeze held strong enough to keep the *Constitution* in advance. Then it fell dead calm once more. Captain Hull decided to give his men the much-needed respite, and, except for those aloft and the man at the wheel, they slept at their posts; but at 2 A.M. the boats were out again.

During this respite the *Guerrière* had gained, and was off the lee beam. It seemed as if it were impossible to avoid an action, and Hull had found that two of his heavy stern-chasers were almost worse than useless, as the blast of their discharge threatened to blow out the stern quarters, owing to the overhanging of the woodwork and the shortness of the guns. The soundings had run to twenty-four and twenty-six fathoms, and now Hull was afraid of getting into deeper water, where kedging would be of no use.

At daybreak three of the enemy's frigates had crept up to within long gunshot on the lee quarter, and the *Guerrière* maintained her position on the beam. The *Africa*, the ship of the line, and the two smaller vessels had fallen far behind. Slowly but surely the *Belvidera* drew ahead of the *Guerrière*, and at last she was almost off the *Constitution's* bow when she tacked. Hull, to preserve his position and the advantage of being to windward, was obliged to follow suit. It must have been a wondrous sight at this moment; to the unskilled eye escape would have seemed impossible, for the American was apparently in the midst of the foe. Rapidly approaching her on another tack was the frigate *Æolus* within long range, but she and the *Constitution* passed each other without firing. The breeze freshening, Hull hoisted in his boats, and the weary rowers rested their strained arms.

All the English vessels rounded upon the same tack as the *Constitution*, and now the five frigates had out all their kites, and were masses of shining canvas from their trucks to the water's edge. Counting the *Constitution*, eleven sail were in sight, and soon a twelfth appeared to windward. It was evident that she was an American merchantman, as she threw out her colors upon sighting the squadron. The Englishmen did not despatch a vessel to pursue her, but, to encourage her to come down to them, they all flew the stars and stripes. Hull straightway, as a warning, drew down his own flag and set the English ensign. This had the desired effect, and the merchantman hauled on the wind and made his best efforts to escape.

Hull had kept his sails wet with hose and bucket, in order to hold the wind, and by ten o'clock his crew had started cheering and laughing, for they were slowly drawing ahead; the *Belvidera* was directly in their wake, distant almost three miles. The other vessels were scattered to leeward, two frigates were on the lee quarter five miles away, and the *Africa*, holding the opposite tack, was hull down on the horizon. The latitude was made out at mid-day to be 38° 47′ north, and the longitude, by dead-reckoning, 73° 57′ west.

The wind freshened in the early afternoon, and, the sails being trimmed and watched closely, Hull's claim that his old ship was a stepper, if put to it, was verified, for she gained two miles and more upon the pursuers. And now strategy was to come into play. Dark, angry-looking clouds and deeper shadows on the water to windward showed that a sudden squall was approaching. It was plain that rain was falling and would reach the American frigate first. The topmen were hurried aloft, the sheets and tacks and clew-lines manned, and the *Constitution* held on with all sails set, but with everything ready at the command to be let go. As the rush of wind and rain approached, all the light canvas was furled, a reef taken in the mizzen topsail, and the ship was brought under short sail, as if she expected to be laid on her beam ends. The English vessels astern observed this, and probably expected that a hard blow was going to follow, for they let go and hauled down as they were, without waiting for the wind to reach them. Some of them hove to and began to reef, and they scattered in different directions, as if for safety. But no sooner had the rain shrouded the *Constitution* than Hull sheeted home, hoisted his fore and main topgallant sails, and, with the wind boiling the water all about him, he roared away over the sea at a gait of eleven knots.

For an hour the breeze held strong—blowing almost half a gale, in fact—and then it disappeared to leeward. A Yankee cheer broke out in which the officers joined, for the English fleet was far down the wind, and the *Africa* was barely visible. A few minutes' more sailing, and the leading frigates were hull below the horizon.

Still they held in chase throughout all the night, signalling each other now and then. At daybreak all fear was over; but the *Constitution* kept all sail, even after Broke's

squadron gave up and hauled to the northward and eastward.

The small brig that had been counted in the fleet of the pursuers was the *Nautilus*, which had been captured by the English three or four days previously. She was the first vessel lost on either side during the war. She was renowned as having been the vessel commanded by the gallant Somers, who lost his life in the harbor of Tripoli.

Lieutenant Crane, who had command of her when taken by the English, and who saw the whole chase, speaks of the wonder and astonishment of the British officers at the handling of the *Constitution*. They expected to see Hull throw overboard his guns and anchors and stave his boats. This they did themselves, in a measure, as they cut adrift many of their cutters—and spent some time afterwards in picking them up, by the same token. Nothing had been done to lighten the *Constitution* but to start the water-casks, as before mentioned.

So sure were the English of making a capture that Captain Broke had appointed a prize crew from his vessel, the *Shannon*, and had claimed the honor of sailing the *Constitution* into Halifax; but, as a contemporary states, "the gallant gentleman counted his chickens before they were hatched"—a saying trite but true.

To quote from the *Shannon's* log, under the entry of July 18, will be of interest: "At dawn" (so it runs) "an American frigate within four miles of the squadron. Had a most fatiguing and anxious chase; both towing and kedging, as opportunity offered. American exchanged a few shots with *Belvidera*—carried near enemy by partial breeze. Cut our boats adrift, but all in vain; the *Constitution* sailed well and escaped."

It is recorded in English annals that there were some very sharp recriminations and explanations held in the *Shannon's* cabin. Perhaps Captain Hull would have enjoyed being present; but by that time he was headed northward. He ran into Boston Harbor for water on the following Sunday.

Broke's squadron separated, hoping to find the *Constitution* on some future day and to force her to action. In this desire Captain Dacres, of the *Guerrière*, was successful—so far as the finding was concerned; but the well-known result started American hearts to beating high, and cast a gloom over the Parliament of England.

The ovations and praises bestowed upon the American commander on his arrival at Boston induced him to insert the following card on the books of the Exchange Coffee-house:

"Captain Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation when chased by the British squadron off New York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers and the crew under his command for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying that, notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep, and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them."

THE PARISIAN FÊTES IN HONOR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

The French people are unrivalled in the art of giving a brilliant and tasteful setting to all the great public rejoicings of which their beautiful capital is the centre. But it may well be doubted whether any of the public *fêtes*, even under the showy Second Empire, could compare in its external features with the holiday attire prepared for the recent visit of the Emperor and the Empress of Russia. So much had been said in a general way about a Franco-Russian alliance, without, however, any positive assurances being given, that the French people had an instinctive feeling that the visit of Nicholas II. would be not merely one halt in the pleasure journey of a new ruler anxious to see Europe, but the consecration of a military and political understanding sincerely desired by one of the contracting parties at least. Consequently every effort was made to do something out of the common for so important a historical occasion.

Of course there were the same acres of tricolored bunting, garlands, and red velvet drapery hung out from every window, the same amount of colored lamps, illumination of public buildings, and pyrotechnic displays, that are always to be seen on the national holiday. Still there were portions of the plan that were of an entirely new cast, original and grandiose in conception and execution, striking and effective in the result produced. Special attention was given to the decorations placed in the principal avenues through which the imperial guests would pass during their various courses about the capital. Although their arrival in Paris was on October 6, they found Round Point in the Champs Elysées blooming with promises of spring. Innumerable white and pink paper buds had been fastened upon the chestnut-trees, which only a short time before had shed their thick coat of leaves. The effect was impressive, all the more so as these artificial blossoms formed a striking contrast with the autumnal foliage of some of the neighboring trees.

But as original as was this idea of converting the days of early autumn into early spring, it was not the only feature to arrest attention in the Champs Elysées. A series of lofty wooden frames covered with colored canvas, and painted so as to imitate monumental candelabra, had been erected at regular intervals on both sides of this world-famous walk. They were each inscribed in the same manner, to the glory of the illustrious visitors. On one side was the inscription "Pax," which may be looked upon as the present watchword of the Franco-Russian alliance; on the other side appeared the arms of St. George and the dragon; and at the summit of the monument was the double-headed eagle with outstretched wings.

The ornamental character of the fixtures on the Place de la Concorde, which were very elaborate, commanded universal attention. They were intended, however, to produce their full effect only at night-time, during the illuminations. At the base of the Luxor monolith an effective scheme of pipes and wires had been adapted to the railings, where the gas in a large measure was to be superseded by the splendors of the electric light. The result, in the evening, was a truly magnificent central blaze of multicolored lights, which afforded a beautiful contrast with the uniformly white radiance of the surrounding festoons of gas-jets. The colors of France and Russia were, of course, prettily blended in this central and scintillating arrangement.

On each of the two terraces of the Tuileries that face the Place de la Concorde a row of fourteen richly painted arcades had been put up, which formed a continuous decoration extending from the Rue de Rivoli to the Seine. The lofty poles that shot up into the air between each arcade were connected by rods, from which fluttered gayly trimmed flags and streamers.

Near the Concorde Bridge two pylons, or gate-towers, consisting of the usual wooden frame-work and colored canvas, had been set up; on each of these gate-towers was painted a colossal but graceful female figure, emblematic of France on the one hand and of Russia on the other, both bearing aloft the olive branch of peace.

The decorations for the laying of the first stone of the International Exhibition in 1900, and of the new bridge leading to it, consisted of four pyramidal structures—two on the right and two on the left bank of the Seine, connected by wire cables and pennons, which, as they spanned the river, fairly outlined the bridge that is to be built in front of the Cours la Reine.

The Hôtel de Ville was soberly draped, but the Avenue Victoria, that leads to the large open space in front of the building, was extraordinarily brilliant in its varied decoration of triumphal columns, flags, banners, etc. All the bridges as far up as Notre Dame were arranged with exquisite taste, and the *coup d'œil* from the Pont de la Concorde was singularly beautiful. The main boulevards, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and the Rue de la Paix were specially attractive.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Nothing has so greatly impressed me during the present campaign as the extreme orderliness of the meetings and the respect almost invariably paid to the speakers. I have been present at some of the largest meetings in New York and Chicago, and have never yet heard a serious interruption, or seen a man thrown out, or a platform stormed, or a speaker howled down, or, indeed, any of the lively demonstrations which form the humor and excitement of an English election. The behavior of the Yale boys at one of Mr. Bryan's meetings seems to have been pretty generally condemned here. In England it would have been regarded as one of the ordinary incidents of a campaign, and forgotten in a couple of days. Yet I am told that this is a moment of high party feeling and unusual enthusiasm, and that not since the war have there been such stirring times. I go to a meeting and find, indeed, plenty of cheering and earnestness and an unlimited waving of flags, with intervals of vocal patriotism; but, remembering the tumult and boisterous interruptions of a large English gathering, I am lost in wonderment at the general calmness and restraint of the audience. Surely there is no country in the world where a bore receives such courteous treatment. What Mr. Howells calls the "inexorable hospitality" of the American seems to extend even to public speakers. I went a few months ago to hear a gentleman speak in the Madison Square Garden. It was a hot night, and over twenty thousand people were in the hall. Most of them laid aside their coats and vests, which I took to be a hopeful sign of warlike preparations. There was a buzz of excitement everywhere. The particular gentleman who was going to speak had to make an important announcement, and nobody quite knew how he would make it. He had, too, a reputation for oratory of the fiery popular brand, and we were all looking forward to a rousing, rattling speech. There was a yell which made the plaster on the walls shudder when he came in. The man was to be envied who had to address such an audience in such a hall. We settled ourselves as comfortably as might be in our seats, with the pleased certainty of listening to something worth hearing. It turned out we were going to listen to nothing of the kind. The gentleman in question would not speak to us, but he pulled out a manuscript and began to read it. I was petrified with horror. I expected every moment to see this vast gathering arise and howl him down. They had come for fireworks, and he was giving them a sermon. I meditated upon his probable fate; at the very least I supposed he would be thrown into the Hudson. He droned along in a dull even flow, and the audience sat still and listened and wiped away the perspiration, and now and then parts of it got up and quietly left the hall—to prepare the instruments of torture, as I thought. I was astounded at the patience of this perspiring, disappointed mass, cheated out of its evening's amusement. Perhaps they were corking up their indignation till the service—I mean the speech—was over. In which case I looked for a sharp and satisfactory act of vengeance. But no; when the speaker had finished and the Great Betrayal was accomplished, that audience had actually enough magnanimity in it to rise and cheer the gentleman. He escaped untouched.

What would have happened to him had he been addressing an English audience I can only conjecture. It is certain, however, that he would not have met with such a cheerful, uncomplaining reception. If an English audience does not like a speaker, or the manner of his speech, it tells him so at once. That saves a lot of time, and teaches a public man to respect his listeners. The curse of English political meetings is the chairman, a local magnate usually, who invariably tries to stand for half an hour between the audience and the speaker of the evening. The audience puts up with it for ten minutes, and then tells him to "Shut up!" If he declines to, the audience becomes peremptory, then humorous, and finally—in the case of peculiar obstinacy—abusive. The chairman may feel a little indignant, but he has learnt a useful lesson and got some idea of his intrinsic importance. A speaker in England can always be sure of whether he has been a success or not. No English audience will tolerate a man who bores them, and as soon as they have had enough of him he is informed of the fact with a singular absence of bashfulness. It is not perhaps a good advertisement for our national politeness and forbearance. On the other hand, it keeps a meeting lively and puts an effective check on pompous dullards.

The effect of a free national education can clearly be seen in any large American gathering. I know the European countries pretty well, and have nowhere come across any laborers or mechanics who can compare in intelligence and steadiness with the American working-man. Nor have I elsewhere found so many men built precisely on one model, with the same ideas, the same thoughts, the same instinctive ways of looking at things, as in America. The English working-man may not be a particularly bright specimen, but he fairly bristles with peculiarities. Almost every working-man you see at a political meeting has something original to say for himself, and he does not forget to say it. He is fond of argument, and finds he gets most of it at his opponents' meetings. Therefore he attends his opponents' meetings, vehemently prepared to oppose every opinion from which he dissents. He stations himself in a prominent position and shouts "Bosh!" and "Dry up!" at intervals. He takes care that his views shall be publicly known, and to this end keeps up a running fire of chaff and commentary on the speaker's remarks. He is willing, if need be, to hold an opposition meeting in the centre of the hall. If the name of one of his leaders is mentioned and received with hisses, he at once gives a solo of three stentorian cheers. "Chuck 'im out!" "Sit on 'is 'ead!" shouts an unsympathetic bystander. "Sit on yer gran'mother!" retorts the interrupter. "This 'ere's a free country, and I'm for free speech!" He is no respecter of persons; he owes it to himself to state his opinions definitely and *coram populo*, no matter what offence they may give. He insists on being replied to by the speaker; and the speaker often obliges him with crushing effect. I have known a meeting thrown into an uproar because a speaker happened to mention the date 1798, and a working-man insisted on knowing, before they went on any further, who was King of England at that time. The speaker, a trifle uncertain himself as to whether it was George III. or George IV., refused to answer, and the working-man's thirst for historical knowledge had to remain unsatisfied, unless the policeman who ejected him was able to quench it.

No public man in England can hope to escape this persistent cross-examiner. At a Parliamentary candidate's meeting he especially enjoys himself. It is the privilege of any man in the audience to get up and catechise the candidate on every article in his political faith. Not infrequently paper and pencils are handed round after the candidate's address, and the people present invited to write down any questions they like. An English audience cannot do without some form of sport even at political meetings. In the good old days dead cats and rotten eggs used to come flying like bewildering meteors round the candidate's head. Now he is "heckled" and pelted with questions instead. Directly the "heckler" becomes a positive nuisance he is of course silenced. The chairman has only to "appeal to that British love of fair play" to quell a too noisy interrupter. But, all the same, "heckling" is a recognized accompaniment to a political speech, and calls forth all a man's powers of repartee. Mr. Gladstone a few years ago was placed in such an awkward corner by a critical and inquisitive Scotch farmer that he lost his temper and refused to answer the questions put to him. Mr. Chamberlain's wonderful readiness of mind and tongue make him an awkward man to "heckle," but the personal animus against him has been so strong among his opponents that he could rarely get through a speech without constant interruptions. His encounters always afforded the meeting good sport. It was delightful to see the calm wave of the hand, the sardonic smile, as the speaker paused till the "heckler" had had his say—and then the retort, sharp, pointed, decisive, followed by the ringing cheers of the audience. I do not say that all this is very dignified; but the banter is nearly always good-humored on both sides, and it adds immensely to the interest of a meeting. Indeed, without it any meeting, however large and enthusiastic, must seem rather dull.

I suppose there are rowdy meetings in America just as there are in England. One of the rowdiest I was ever present at was held about three years ago in a mining district in the Midlands. It was a meeting called by the Temperance party to support Sir William Harcourt's Local Veto bill. The brewers very naturally opposed a measure which put it into the power of a two-thirds majority in any district to close all the saloons in that area without compensation to the owners. There happened to be one or two large breweries in this particular neighborhood, and the draymen and other employés determined on a demonstration. They marched down to the hall in good time, some five hundred strong, and took possession of the floor. The speakers were one or two local big-wigs, a member of Parliament, and a few church dignitaries. Directly the chairman rose to open the meeting, the brewery men struck up "John Barleycorn"—an unusual song for a temperance gathering. Hundreds of banners suddenly flashed out, bearing strange alcoholic legends. For two hours these lusty draymen, who were in magnificent voice, sang non-temperance hymns out of memory and imagination. The speakers never stood a chance, and the curious sight was seen of a purple-faced Canon of the Established Church squatting on the floor, with his head over the edge of the platform, shouting his speech to the reporters. The Temperance party eventually withdrew their forces, and the brewers' men mounted the platform and passed jubilant resolutions in condemnation of Harcourt's bill.

On the whole, American political audiences seem to me more dignified, more serious, and more intelligent than English audiences. But they are decidedly less amusing. One instance will be enough to show the difference in intelligence of the working-men on both sides the Atlantic. Canon Wilberforce at a meeting of ordinary laborers in London referred to the Salisbury government as a "heterogeneous amalgam." The audience roared with laughter. It was not that they saw anything funny in the Canon's remark; it was partly delight in finding that the English language contained two such magnificent words, partly pleasure in knowing a man who could pronounce them without hesitation, partly a secret satisfaction that he took it for granted they could understand them. It was the joke of the evening. The Canon happened to repeat the phrase, and the audience went into convulsions. They had never before believed it possible a man could perform such feats of elocution. The pleasure they took in it was incredible. In that particular part of London I am certain that those two words have made the Canon's reputa-

"THE FOOD OF LOVE."

"Maria, what do you say to elopin' with me in that boat?"
"But what could we live on?"
"I've got a hook an' line in my pocket, an' with love like ours we could live on fish for years!"

AMERICAN STUDENTS ABROAD.

The scholastic year of European universities has just opened, and the usual throng of young American men who wish to perfect their educations abroad has left this country to matriculate at the foreign universities. By far the greater number of Americans go to France and Germany, and it is expected that they will meet this year with still better treatment and greater advantages than ever before. Those who go to Germany, however, will do well to heed the advice recently given by the German government, which requests Americans desirous of attending German universities to make their applications for permits through the government in Washington, instead of through the United States Embassy at Berlin, where there is usually an inevitable delay which often prevents the use of the permits even when issued. No changes have been made in Germany with regard to attendance at lectures or the obtaining of degrees. Diplomas from American colleges continue to be accepted without question, and in some universities are not asked for at all.

This may possibly explain why there has always been a greater number of American students at the German than at the French universities. This condition of affairs has awakened the French government to the necessity of offering more liberal opportunities to foreigners. The movement for improving the condition of foreign students in France was begun about two years ago by Dr. H. G. Furber, Jun., of Chicago, who had studied in Germany, and who was surprised to find so few Americans enrolled in the French universities. As a result of his efforts a Franco-American committee was formed in Paris, with Dr. Thomas W. Evans as president, and Dr. Edward Crane as secretary. Another committee was formed later in Washington, presided over by Professor Newcomb, and counting among its members nearly all the college presidents of this country. The efforts of these two committees have already produced beneficial results. Formerly a college diploma from even a well-known American institution was not sufficient to admit a student to a French university; now, however, American diplomas are accepted on an equal footing with a French baccalaureate degree.

These concessions were officially granted in January last by the French government. Another concession obtained by the Franco-American committees is the privilege of moving from one university to another, to take different courses for the same degree—a privilege heretofore not even enjoyed by French students.

Medical students, however, at French schools of medicine are still struggling against many difficulties. The French doctors, seeing so many foreigners in the schools, feared competition, and called the attention of the government and of the faculties of medicine to the fact that there were twenty-two per cent. of foreigners among the physicians practising in France. They also observed that in Germany a medical diploma did not convey to foreigners the right to practise medicine.

This question was discussed in the Chamber of Deputies on June 11 last. MM. Georges Berry, Launelongue, and others spoke in favor of a bill presented by the first-mentioned, which, if passed, would have practically closed the doors of the French medical schools to foreign students. M. Jules Guesde, a leader of the Socialist group, opposed the motion, and the Chamber voted an order of the day authorizing the government to take "temporary" measures to prevent the inroad of foreign doctors, while leaving the doors of the French schools of medicine open to students from abroad. The Chamber had insisted that the reputation of the country for its intellectual hospitality must not be sacrificed to the selfish interests of the native physicians. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Rambaud, did not understand the vote of the Chamber in a liberal manner, however, and he issued, on July 21 last, a circular which has been condemned by the liberal press in France, but which will govern the future status of foreign medical students in French universities. Formerly graduates of any well-known college in the United States were permitted, upon application through the American Embassy, to follow the regular courses of the French medical schools on equal terms with French students graduated from the French universities. And at the end of the course, if they were successful in the final examination, they received the same diploma as the Frenchmen—a diploma which carried with it the privilege of practising in France. That situation is changed by M. Rambaud's circular, which announces that:

"As for the young men, every year more numerous, who come to France to begin and pursue their medical studies, a distinction should be made between those who intend to establish themselves in France to practise medicine here and those who propose at the conclusion of their studies to return to their own country. With regard to the first, it is only just to subject them to the same conditions as those made to our own students. They will not, therefore, receive the regular diploma giving them the right to practise medicine in France unless at the time of their first registration they have the French diploma of Bachelor of Letters and Philosophy, and the certificate of Physical, Chemical, and Natural Sciences. For the others, who are by far the more numerous, the dispensation from the French baccalaureate will continue to be accorded even more liberally than heretofore. But the diploma which they shall receive at the end of their course of studies will not give them the right to practise medicine in France. Notice to this effect will be given to them at the bureaux of the universities at the time of their registration."

Another debate on the question will occur at the new session of the Chamber, and it is generally expected that the status of foreign medical students in France will be finally improved, as has been the case in regard to that of the same students in other branches of study.

Félix Aucaigne.

RIDING WITH TREASURE.

HOW GOLD IS MOVED IN NEW YORK.

A leading banking firm gave the writer a letter to their particular truckmen in order that he might observe the method of transporting treasure through New York. For their honesty and good service a single firm of truckmen, from father to son, has had the monopoly of this treasure transportation for the last half-century. The unsolicited escort was told to be on a certain pier at the North River at an early hour. It happened when he arrived on that pier, and punctual to the minute, that there was dire confusion. A great Cunarder had just been moored to the dock. Anxious passengers were streaming out, and at the same time another flood of people, who were to take an outgoing vessel, was pushing forward, so the two live rivers met and surged. The dock was impassable. Now it was necessary to find the driver of the truck. At last, through the intervention of a detective, the sought-for truckman was discovered.

Next we pushed our way along the dock, and presently were joined by a gentleman who represented the firm to whom the gold was sent, and from him once more permission was received to keep track of the treasure. We neared a certain gang-plank, guarded by a sailor. This excellent tar permitted our truckman and the representative of the firm to pass unchallenged on board of the steamer,

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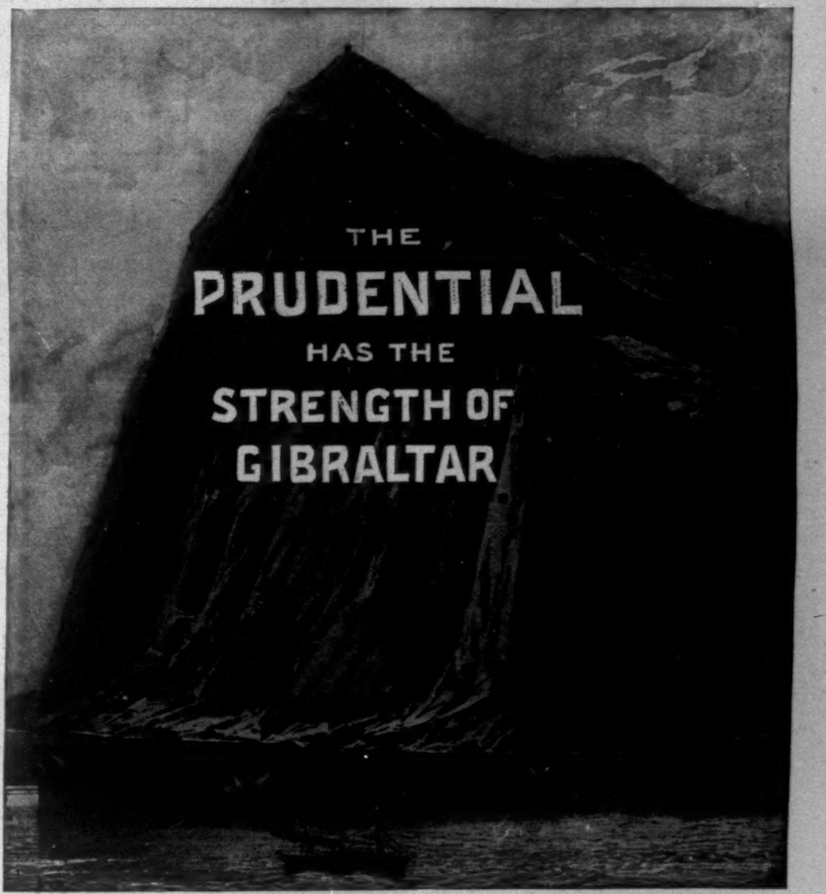

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A UNIQUE STUMPING TOUR—THE UNION GENERALS' CAMPAIGN TRAIN AT COLUMBUS, INDIANA.—Drawn by Charles Broughton after a Photograph.

but the passage of the writer was barred (as by an imaginary cutlass), and only granted after a proper explanation.

A natty English purser with his men had the hatches of the treasure-chamber open, and there were men in the depths below and some above, the latter with a rope and pulley.

Business formalities were at once in order. The bill of lading, with the Custom-house permit, presented by the representative of the banking-house to whom the gold belonged, was the "open sesame." Then up came the chunky wooden boxes, each one hauled up separately in a canvas bag or hamper.

The purser keeps tally. He is a trifle fidgety, maybe fussy, for his responsibility is great. The tale is correct, for in this lot there are nine boxes; but there is a good deal more gold below. Presently that fine old seaman and gentleman who commands the steamer comes in. He seems pleasantly interested.

The boxes, always under surveillance, are carried down the exclusive gang-plank, when they are put on hand-trucks and moved to the New York end of the pier. There is much obstruction, but gold is a Juggernaut, and makes its way indifferent to passengers' toes.

The good and strong horses have put the truck in place at the entrance of the pier. Several policemen object, for our truck blocks the way. They want to order it off, but no less a person than the captain of the vessel appears, and he settles the matter. Despite Mr. Bryan, there is an innate commercial force about gold which is irresistible.

Papers are once more interchanged; the quiet old captain smiles, and tells the volunteer escort that "now some part of his responsibility is over."

The nine packages are on the truck, and the representative of the banking-house seats himself on the boxes. The writer, in fulfilment of his duties, climbs up that truck, takes a perch alongside of the driver, and then he is fully ten feet above the level of the street. The escort is pretty certain that the driver carries something or other for the protection of his load, for when the wagon jolts he is fairly satisfied that a peculiarly hard lump on the person of the teamster indicates a revolver. As to the representative of the house, he may have a gun somewhere in his clothes.

It is not comfortable to ride on a truck, with rather stiff springs, at such a height. There a jolt is strongly accentuated. Anyhow, that ride was convincing that the best paved of New York's streets are far from smooth.

We proceed at a fairly good gait—that is, for a truck, and the driving is admirable. The time when we start is nearly 11 A.M., and we must make the Assay Office before 12, if that is possible. The streets are thronged, but our teamster is a master-whip. We thread difficult passes between other trucks, and never lock a hub. It would not be pleasant to be stalled. A load of bricks may come to a standstill, but not a load of bullion. We attract no attention; we do not wish to. Presently Broadway is reached. Now we make the turn into Wall Street—a roadway far too narrow for its many uses—and in good time, for our team is both docile and eager, we haul up without any parade before the Assay Office. Wall Street is used to that kind of thing, and pays no more attention to a load of bullion than it would to a wagon full of apples.

The boxes are at once brought in, and piled up outside of that compartment in the Assay Office where the precious metals are weighed. We are expected, and all the wheels of the office are so set as to move off at once. The count of the boxes being again verified, the driver takes a broadaxe. Being past perfect as a wood-chopper, he splits open the boxes, cutting at a single stroke the iron fastenings. Out tumble the slabs of gold. The ingots had been packed in sawdust. One by one they are placed on the counter. Each ingot has stamped on it a letter and a number. This particular lot is "G," and the number series runs into the 800's. On each slab of gold is the name of the London bullion merchant, and of the party who melted it. On the corner of every ingot a small piece has been cut off. These clippings accompany the bullion. They represent the samples of each ingot. They will all be melted together, and are to be assayed. But the name of the recipient of the gold and that of the shipper of it are so well accredited in all the markets of the world that the assay seems to be a mere formality.

There are ingots in such quantity that a double weighing is necessary. Here at the scales nothing is taken on trust. Though the balance is a huge one, it will show the fraction of a pennyweight.

It takes a half-hour before the gold has its exact weight taken. Then, just as if it were cheese, at say ten cents a pound, the assay clerk, to whom millions of dollars are matters of common every-day occurrence, hands over to the representative of that firm to whom the bullion belongs a check for $310,000—that is, 90 per cent. of the current value of the gold. In a day or so the other 10 per cent. will be paid, for then the assay will be ready. In these boxes there was £70,000, or say, roughly, $350,000. On this same steamer was a great deal more of the precious metal, something like a million, and this followed in another truck, the only difference being that the gold was for the larger part in American gold coin.

Some idea of the ingot and its value may be obtained from this: A slab of gold about the size of a brick, the exact dimensions being 6⅞ inches long by 3⅝ broad and 1⅜ inches thick, weighed 381 ounces; 997¼ fine gold, and was worth $7856 21. When American gold coin comes from London the method is to ship it in bags, which are boxed, each bag containing exactly 500 ounces of gold, the value being $9302 32. As there always is a certain amount of abrasion, or there might be light coins, to make up the precise 500 ounces clippings of the same gold pieces are added.

When American gold is shipped from France it is put up in bags containing $5000. All the United States gold coin is examined piece by piece in the Sub-Treasury in New York before it is paid out. If a coin is light it is stamped with a letter L, and is not circulated. If the gold be European or any other foreign coin, at the option of course of the owner, if it goes to the Assay Office it is considered as bullion. It is assayed just as if it were gold in ingots, and is remelted.

The heaviest load of gold which has been hauled this year by the team which the self-appointed escort rode behind was worth $3,600,000. It weighed about six tons and six hundredweight. To be exact, the ton of gold in United States coin is worth $542,635 67. Possibly it was the biggest load of the precious metal ever carried through New York streets, and it was a case of emergency. The steamer had come in after time, a commercial crisis was imminent, and a panic might have followed had not all the gold been housed that day in the Assay Office or Sub-Treasury, for then it could be drawn against at once and become cash in hand.

B. P.

THE CAMPAIGN TOUR OF THE UNION GENERALS.

One of the most interesting features peculiar to this Presidential campaign has been the trip of the Union generals through the Western States. On a special train they have travelled through Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and Michigan, making speeches at every town of any importance. During the journey through the seven States first mentioned in the list, the generals delivered three hundred speeches to an aggregate audience of one million people. The travelling orators are all called generals, but as a matter of fact there are only five real generals in the party. These are Generals O. O. Howard, Daniel E. Sickles, T. J. Stewart, O. A. Marden, and Russell A. Alger. The other members of the party are Captain John R. Tanner, Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois, and Corporal Tanner of New York.

The generals have been travelling through the country on a special train made up of a baggage-car, dining-car, combination sleeping and observation car, and a flat car. On the flat car are mounted a rapid-fire gun and a mortar, in charge of experienced gunners, who are kept pretty busy, for during the trip from Wisconsin to Illinois they fired 600 bombs and 1500 blank cartridges.

The manner in which the stumping tour is carried out is about as follows: The time of the arrival of the generals' train is well known along the route, and when it pulls into the depot a great throng of people is always on hand, usually with one or more brass bands. As the train stops, the generals leave their car and take their positions on the platform car. Then the bugler gives a call, and the veterans gather to hear what General Sickles has to say. Before he begins, the cannons do a little booming, and the bands play a few patriotic airs, and finally General Sickles gets a chance. He makes no reference to the silver question, but talks patriotism alone. He is followed by General Alger and Captain Tanner, who offer as concisely as possible the Republican and sound-money arguments of the campaign. Corporal Tanner closes the proceedings with a rousing and patriotic address, and thereupon follow more bombs and salvoes and additional music. As the train moves slowly out of the station the bugler stands at the end of the flat car and sounds taps.

This trip of the Union generals has caused considerable consternation among the Bryan people, and in a speech a short time ago "Coin" Harvey called them "old wrecks of the rebellion who have lost all their honor and patriotism, the tools of political Shylocks." A few days later, in a speech, General Marden replied: "Yes, we are all wrecks. General Howard has only one arm, Sickles has only one leg, and Tanner has not any. I myself have only one leg, and that is wind. Bryan has two legs. One of them is Sewall, and the other is Watson; and Bryan cannot tell which is which!"

AMATEUR SPORT

THE MOST STARTLING INCIDENT of the football season is University of Wisconsin's recent repudiation of Rules 1 and 12 of the inter-collegiate code suggested at the meeting, in Chicago last February, of faculty representatives from the Universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, Northwestern, and Purdue, and adopted *in toto* by Minnesota, Purdue, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and with emendations in Rules 1, 4, and 12 by Michigan, Chicago, and Northwestern. Rules 1 and 12 relate to the *bonæ fides* of an athlete, and Rule 4 to his antecedents from the amateur view-point.

Rule 1. No one shall participate in any inter-collegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a *bona fide* student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college; and no person who has participated in any match game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such college, under the above conditions, for a period of six months. This restriction in regard to time shall also apply to students who, having graduated at one college, shall enter another for professional or graduate study.

. . . .

Rule 4. No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest who has ever used or is using his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain. This rule shall be operative after October 1, 1896. No person who receives any compensation from the university for services rendered by way of regular instruction shall be allowed to play on any team. This rule shall take effect December 1, 1896.

. . . .

Rule 12. No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest after any year who has not been in residence at least six months of the preceding year of the course.

This Rule 12 was cleared of its ambiguities by Wisconsin, which formulated and adopted the following:

No student who has been a member of a college team shall participate in an inter-collegiate contest during any year unless he has been in residence at least six months of said scholastic year, or of the preceding scholastic year.

The complete Chicago conference code was published, and action of all the universities fully discussed, in this Department May 23 of this year.

THE DISTRESSING FEATURES of Wisconsin's sporting anarchy are: its President, C. K. Adams, in the rôle of leading spirit of the revolution; and athletic lawlessness attained, despite the earnest endeavors of a faculty majority, and against the general sentiment of the student body. It is Bryanism applied to college sport; it means athletes who fall below the accepted standard of purity foisted upon the public as genuinely amateur. President Adams and the Board of Regents of Wisconsin have proclaimed a platform which entails the dishonor of their university. They have given irrefutable evidence that it is the winning of the game and not the spirit of the contest or the status of the player, which concerns them most. They have declared for victory at any cost, even at the cost of wholesomeness and the respect of the community. After his loud protestations of righteousness last March, President Adams's recent departure from the path he proposed to travel even though his journey be in virtuous solitude, must be viewed as the capricious frolic of a diplomatic or vacillating mind. If diplomacy, it is born of a school that lacks penetration; if inconstancy, it argues the need of a dominant athletic power more truly in sympathy with the purification of college sport. In either case Wisconsin stands disgraced before the college world.

WISCONSIN'S RECANTATION OF ITS RULES bears with such malignity on the effort making throughout this country for the sustenance of wholesome sport, that it is well worth thorough ventilation.

When the autumn term opened at Wisconsin it was found there were several important positions to fill on the football eleven. Coincidently four or five players of some reputation gained at other colleges presented themselves as candidates. Immediately discussion began as to the maintenance of the rule requiring six months' residence of men who had played on other college teams. Meanwhile five men, ineligible under the rules adopted last March by Wisconsin, were practising with the football squad.

At the first faculty meeting following the opening of college the question of permitting these men to play came up for decision.

The president, as attorney for those desirous of breaking the rules, stated their case: Inasmuch as the Universities of Chicago, Michigan, and Northwestern had not adopted the same rules as Wisconsin, Wisconsin would be, he said, unable to compete with them on equal terms in football; the rule would work hardship to the team in preventing candidates from playing who were greatly needed to strengthen the team; he therefore thought the faculty ought to either repeal the (to his clients) obnoxious portion of the rule or suspend it for the present, until the other institutions could be brought to agree to it. After discussion of the propositions to repeal or suspend the rule, the faculty voted almost unanimously to maintain the rules adopted by Wisconsin in March, '96.

A SECOND AND SPECIAL MEETING was called, at which almost the entire faculty was present. The president made an elaborate argument favoring Wisconsin's disavowal of its own rules. He declared he had reason to believe that the rules would be violated in the coming game with Lake Forest University on home grounds, and the football team would either use the ensuing discipline as an excuse for disbanding or appeal to the regents. In the latter case, he said, an issue would be precipitated between the faculty and regents, in which the faculty could not maintain its position, because he had discovered the rules adopted in March had not been approved by the president nor submitted to the regents for their approval, as required by a by-law of the regents. He then proposed as a *modus vivendi*, for which he would accept full responsibility, some rules for the regulation of athletics until the next meeting of the Board of Regents, which included striking out all after "his college" in Rule 1, the modification of Rule 4, and the wiping out of Rule 12. This led to a long discussion and a vigorous protest by the faculty, and the meeting ended with the passage, by an overwhelming majority, of a resolution requesting the president to complete the faculty's action by transmitting to the regents the rules adopted last March.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE FACULTY was ignored, however, and at the Board of Regents' meeting, a few days later, the following resolution was passed:

That in the opinion of the Executive Committee the rules relating to athletics adopted by the faculty must remain inoperative and not in force until approved by the board upon due presentation.

This action was taken after hearing several influential resident *alumni*, and the captain, manager, and coach of the football team (all of whom cared nothing for the amateur spirit involved, and everything for the chance of getting a winning team), but without hearing any argument in favor of maintaining the rules *ad interim!* And thus were not only Rules 1 and 12 renounced, but the entire commendable code which Wisconsin adopted in the spring with such widely advertised determination to uphold, even if they stood alone in the effort.

THAT THE BOARD OF REGENTS has been used as a catspaw is evident. The by-law of the regents requiring the submission of faculty rules is an old one, and has been a dead letter—like the one empowering the regents to determine the text-books to be used! It was resurrected in June, 1895; and in October, 1895, a committee of the board was appointed to consider the faculty rules. To that committee were referred these athletic rules shortly after their adoption by the faculty last March. Since then three meetings of the regents have passed by without action on any faculty rules, though the entire body of faculty laws has been in their hands. In the spring the athletic council was instructed by the president to enforce these rules adopted last March as *de facto*, just as all the other rules regarding studies, drill, etc., have been enforced. They were so enforced during the track, baseball, and rowing season, and all candidates for track athletic and baseball teams and crew were required to subscribe to them. No objection was raised in any quarter.

The rules of 1895, likewise enforced without approval of regents, were framed by the conference of college presidents. The Rule 1, to which the president now objects, was agreed to by him at Chicago and by him recommended to the faculty, except for its last clause, which in 1895 excluded graduates and members of professional schools, while the 1896 rules include them in the six months' residence requirement.

THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SAID in extenuation of Wisconsin's official course as directed by its president and Board of Regents. There are two sides to most stories, but this has only one. And that one is thoroughly noxious from the beginning to the ending of its recital. From being a leader in the reform making for healthful college sport, Wisconsin has become the most mischievous offender of the year. Compared with this disregard of ethics by Wisconsin, the "inducing" of athletes last year by other Western universities was of no consequence. In the latter case the offenders were enthusiastic, oftentimes ethically ignorant, *alumni*, who deluded the faculties. In Wisconsin's case the men who trample upon the very spirit of amateurism are the highest officials of the university!!

THE GOLF LINKS AT ARDSLEY, NEW YORK—THE RAVINE.

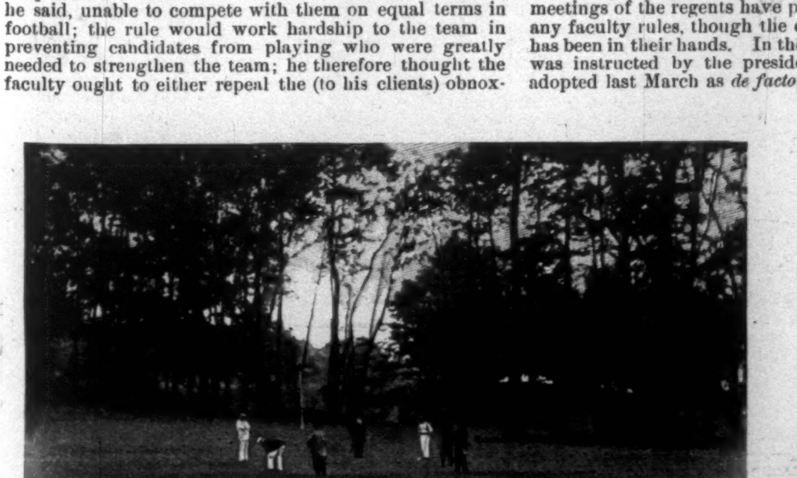
What may we expect from the undergraduates if such an example is set by their president and Board of Regents?

The Wisconsin faculty has acted sincerely and promptly, following its overruling by the regent body by the publication of resolutions which deplore the present situation as "likely to bring discredit" upon Wisconsin, and "awaits the opportunity for conference with the Board of Regents." Meanwhile the football eleven is playing five ineligible men—Atkinson, Ryan, Nelson, O'Dea, and Anson. Until Wisconsin conforms to the rules she adopted last March, we shall not consider her team in the discussion of Western college football. It would be entirely proper for Minnesota to cancel her Wisconsin game if the latter persists in playing ineligible men.

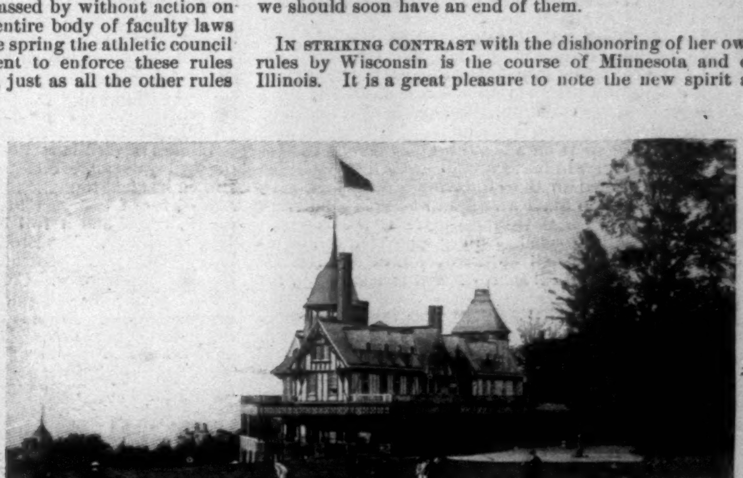
DESPITE THE RETROGRESSION OF WISCONSIN, the general college athletic situation in the middle West is infinitely better than it was last year. Not that it is yet beyond criticism, as the attempt by Michigan men to "induce" Potter to leave Northwestern, and the disregard by Northwestern of its rule pertaining to playing athletic-club teams, show, but there is much evidence of a desire to reach the best spirit of college sport.

Probably the most pleasing exhibition of a new spirit is the more healthful tone in the sporting columns of the Chicago press. The *Times-Herald* particularly has been distinguishing itself by some splendid articles championing the cause of clean sport. If all newspapers would fearlessly criticise dishonest tendencies in amateur sport, we should soon have an end of them.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST with the dishonoring of her own rules by Wisconsin is the course of Minnesota and of Illinois. It is a great pleasure to note the new spirit at



AN ARDSLEY GREEN.



THE ARDSLEY CASINO.

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—BY W. H. LEWIS.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, PAPER, 75 CENTS.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

Minnesota and to commend it. Minnesota's team is not so very strong this year, although there is good material awaiting development, and among the most likely candidates for half-back was Guilbert. But under the six months' residence rule Guilbert was ineligible, and has just been so declared by the athletic faculty committee. We wish Minnesota all the success her determination to adhere to the inter-collegiate rules merits.

As for Illinois, she has long been, from an athletic point of view, the cleanest university in the West. Her president, A. S. Draper, and faculty, and athletic director, Henry H. Everett, have kept questionable men off the teams, despite the wavering course of their rivals, and it must be great satisfaction for her to know that to-day her eleven is showing probably the best football of Western colleges. Here, too, as at Wisconsin, several expert football-players, ineligible because of the six months' residence rule, presented themselves as candidates on the opening of the autumn term. The matter was presented to the faculty. The arguments employed by President Adams, of Wisconsin, were advanced for these men at Illinois; it was said they had not entered with reference to football, that the residence rule should be suspended at least far enough to enable them to play in match games with other institutions which did not observe the rule. Yet, after fullest discussion, the faculty determined by unanimous vote to uphold the rule, and passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this faculty that no exceptions to this rule of residence should be made by us in any case whatever; but that, on the contrary, the influence of the University of Illinois should be exerted in all times and in every practicable way to secure the adoption, by all competing colleges, of this rule, or its equivalent, as indispensable to the permanent maintenance of a high standard of amateur college athletics.

There was no president and no Board of Regents to annul the faculty's decision, and Illinois remains the honor to Western college sport she has always been.

The Ohio Inter-collegiate Association seems also to have its University of Wisconsin.

In common with most of the other Western colleges, until this year the ethics of amateur sport were honored in the breach by the majority of Ohio colleges. Paid players and "ringers" were common, the larger colleges being the most flagrant offenders.

Last winter the committee for the regulation of athletics in the University of Cincinnati issued a circular proposing the organization of a State association which should be the controlling body over all branches of amateur sport in Ohio. After several preliminary meetings, a final representative conference at Columbus last April resulted in the organization of the Ohio Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, the election of officers, and the adoption of a constitution. The delegates in attendance represented the universities of Denison, Miami, Cincinnati, Ohio State, Ohio Wesleyan, and the colleges of Kenyon, Marietta, Oberlin, Otterbein, and Wittenberg. On the close of the meeting there was much congratulation among the delegates on an end having come at last to the enrolment of athletes not *bona fide* amateurs or even college men. The eligibility rules drawn up were:

1. Each player must attend at least eight hours of recitations per week.
2. No student holding any degree is eligible.
3. No player may receive any form of compensation for engaging in athletics.
4. Managers, at least ten days before a game, must exchange lists of the players, certified to as eligible under these rules by the faculty president of the interested colleges.

Such, in substance, were the rules deemed expedient for the first step in purifying athletics in Ohio.

Under these rules a State Field Meet was held at Westerville last June, eight of the colleges—the University of Cincinnati among the number—sending teams. On the evening of this meet an election of officers was held, Cincinnati being represented on this occasion, as on all others, by a member of her Regulation Committee.

All this detail is merely to conclusively show how intimately associated with the reform movement was Cincinnati, and how completely her delegate acquiesced in the manner of its accomplishment. Like Wisconsin, Cincinnati hid not her virtue from vulgar gaze so long as her teams were not affected thereby, but the moment the application of the new rules struck into her athletic vitals she revealed the sordid nature behind the mask.

Cincinnati and Miami had a football game scheduled for this month. In accordance with the rules, Miami submitted a certified list of players. Cincinnati's manager declined to do so, and on the day of the game, when appealed to by Miami, members of Cincinnati's Regulation Committee not only sustained their manager in his infraction, but declared Cincinnati no longer a member of the Association. The game was played with four ineligible men on Cincinnati's eleven, but they were outclassed, none the less, and beaten by Miami.

It seems impossible the faculty of a college would permit such dishonest disregard of agreements seriously subscribed to by one of its Regulation Committee, or permit wanton desertion from an Association organized in such good cause. Surely Ohio athletics have needed purging.

In this Association there is splendid opportunity of putting Ohio college sport on a healthful, prosperous basis—a position it has not hitherto occupied. All the colleges are earnestly united in the effort for clean sport, save Cincinnati, and Ohio State whose half-hearted endeavors must be regarded of negative influence. If the faculties of these two institutions are willing their colleges, of all the colleges in Ohio, shall be the only ones to advertise their fealty to unhealthful sport—it will be a situation for commiseration indeed.

Meantime the Cincinnati football team should be ostracised, just as Wisconsin's should be, by those who believe in living up to contracts and in keeping sport wholesome.

The Bankers' Athletic Club, of Chicago, is another degenerate figure in Western amateur sport. It was only last spring this club started, with the avowed purpose of upholding the accepted canons of amateur athletics, and of confining the *personnel* of its teams strictly to *bona fide* members of the club, which, by its constitution, is open only to men employed in banks.

The first evidence of rebellion against advertised principles came during the baseball season, and now regard for ethics, erstwhile proclaimed, seems to have been cast to the winds.

There has been golfing aplenty, and some of it high-class since the championships at Southampton. J. A. Tyng remained over at Shinnecock for the President's Cup, which he, in fact, eventually won from L. E. Larocque by 84 to 87 after much interesting, and one or two sensational, plays. For instance, Larocque held Tyng nicely up to the tenth hole, where the latter made a putt of about thirty-five feet which landed the ball plump into the hole. Nevertheless, Larocque held on, and when the fifteenth hole had been halved Tyng was leading by but a single hole, and there remained only three more to play. Pretty driving and accurate approaching gave Tyng the next 2 and the match, by 3 up and 1 to play. The match was close going out, first one and then the other securing the advantage. Coming in, Tyng showed the stronger, and did the return course in 37, which equals the best amateur record of this links, made by champion Whigham.

Subsequently Mr. Tyng went to Morristown, where he succeeded in defeating a large field—which contained none of the best players, however. Tyng won the 36 holes in 170, his closest competitors being J. Otis Post and L. P. Bayard, Jun., with 178 each, and G. E. Armstrong, 179. Probably the most interesting figure in the tournament was C. L. Perkins, the racquet-player, whose first public appearance in golf had been but a week before, and who attained fifth place at Morristown in creditable figures.

The St. Andrews tournaments have been notable for the increased number of entries from the first class, and the general improvement in form all round. In the annual tournament for the President's Cup, 36 holes, there were thirty-five starters, including Sands, Livermore, Armstrong, Park, Harriman, B. S. de Garmendia, Lynch, Sweney, Knapp, Tyng, Menzies, Ten Eyck, Kerr—indeed quite the most representative local gathering since the championships. There was some beautiful driving during the day, though the approach-work, really the most important, seemed rather mediocre, except in a few cases. The morning play left Sands 84, Harriman and Park 88, and Livermore 90, in the lead. Sands and Livermore came together in the afternoon, and the first had some hard luck in long grass, and was able just to tie at 177, whereas he should have won, with several strokes to spare. Armstrong also was a bit unfortunate, otherwise he would have tied Sands and Livermore; as it was, he did 178. The tournament seemed overburdened with hard-luck stories, De Garmendia having perhaps more than his share. Nevertheless, some of the best golf seen this year was exhibited by the leaders,—Sands, 177; Livermore, 177; Armstrong, 178; Menzies, 179; Park, 182; Harriman, 183; De Garmendia, 186; Lynch and Allen, 188; Paterson, 189; Sweney and Knapp, 193; Moeran, 193; Tyng, Brown, and Billings, 194. In the play-off of an extra hole for the cup, Sands beat Livermore—5 to 6.

The President-cup tournament, however, did not compare in point of starters with the open handicap event which followed it. In this fifty-four drove off the first tee, and while one or two of the first-class men were absent, talent was abundant. F. W. Menzies evened accounts for his previous defeats by not only winning the Handicap Cup and the gold medal for the best scratch score, but established a new record of 82 for two rounds of the St. Andrews course. The best previous record was 84, made some time since by W. H. Sands, and equalled this month by Sweney. The general form was excellent; the average of play on the greens being higher than I have seen this year. The first eight men on strokes were, Menzies, 82; Sands, 91; Park, 88; Lynch, 90; Stout, 91; Chauncey, 91; Paterson, 92; Stoddart, 93.

Play for the Reynal Cup furnished some surprises. De Garmendia, who led off on the first day by the best score—eleven strokes better than Harriman—was beaten in the semi-finals by the latter, who scored a 25-foot putt at the last hole, and won a close match by 1 up. Van Etten and Sands had also an exciting round of 19 holes, which the latter managed to win by 1 up. But probably the greatest sensation was caused by Armstrong's defeat of Sands, by 2 up and 1 to play, in which the former played a strong, fast game from the start. Sands sustained another defeat at the Ardsley tournament last week, his conqueror this time being James Converse, of Lakewood, by 1 up. But De Garmendia redeemed his St. Andrews hard luck and Knollwood reversal by winning the first prize at match-play from Converse, 87 to 92, in the steadiest and best golf he has shown this season.

The third week of football ended last Saturday with the honors of the season resting upon Lafayette, the Carlisle Indian School, West Point, and Brown, the first two having attained distinction probably never even dreamed of by a minor eleven. Although Lafayette is now at its best, while the larger teams are in process of development, none the less it is an eleven of such strength as would make an interesting game with any one of the leaders in the closing days of November. To have tied Princeton with a score of 0-0, and to have beaten Pennsylvania 6-4, is to have made a record that will long be remembered at Lafayette.

The Indians have scored on Princeton, and but for an unjust referee ruling would have tied Yale 12-12.

West Point was beaten by Princeton 11-0, but the play of the cadets was particularly praiseworthy when it is considered that of last year's eleven they have lost King, Lott, Stacy, Nolan, and Foy—five of their best players, now replaced by comparatively green material.

While Harvard beat Brown 12-0, the work of the vanquished was more creditable than that of the victor. Brown has had to make almost an entirely new team this season, for of last year's team, both ends, both tackles, a guard, a half and a full back are missing, and all were very good men. But Brown has a fairly strong line, and is especially good back of it, barring the full-back, who is not extraordinary. Colby is a first-class quarter—into all the plays; is cool, quick, and accurate. He is a very promising man. Fultz is one of the best of the season's half-backs; he strikes the line hard, and dodges and squirms and slips out of tackling in a way that recalls McClung and Laurie Bliss. The other half, Goodsell, is also very good. They ploughed through the left of Harvard's line time after time until a touch-down seemed inevitable, and undoubtedly would have been secured but for the kicking of Dunlop and R. Brown and a final rally of the Harvard line under Frank Shaw's inspiration.

If Harvard makes the most of her material, she should have a strong team for the Princeton and especially for the Pennsylvania game. There is abundant material, most of it very good, and Wrightington is the best general Harvard has had in a long time. Time and again in the Brown game he foresaw the opponents' play when they had the ball, and warned his men accordingly. This is a rare gift, and makes a great captain. The coaches have been very slow in choosing the team, due somewhat, no doubt, to the plentiful supply of candidates, but in most part accounted for by the usual vacillation which marks the opening weeks of Harvard football, and of which the playing of Cabot at full-back is a pertinent illustration. At the present writing, however, it is more than likely that, with one or two exceptions, the men have been definitely settled upon. F. and N. Shaw will fill centre and right guard to a certainty; Wheeler and Cabot, left tackle and end; Haughton, right tackle; Beale, quarter; Wrightington and Dunlop, half-backs; and Brown, full-back. Bouve will probably be at left guard, and Moulton or A. Brewer at right end. This will make a heavy line, and a strong one. Cochrane is promising at quarter; indeed, he gets the ball back faster than Beale, but the latter's experience gives him the advantage, although his poor passing is frequently the cause of much fumbling by the backs. Hard timely tackling has been the best feature of his recent play. Wheeler may not be able to play in the Princeton game, in which event Sargeant, who is not nearly so good, will take his place. Mills is a possibility for tackle, but has not shown up so well as Haughton. Sullivan and Cozzens are the substitute half-backs, and Graydon substitute end.

Harvard played chiefly a kicking game against Cornell, whom she defeated Saturday, 13-4, and Brown proved the wisdom of putting him at full. He made one field goal, was the most effective of Harvard's line-buckers, and at all times outpunted Cornell. Cabot was not in form. The two lines were about even, Cornell blocking strongly, and showing excellent interference on her end plays. Beacham, Taussig, Sweetland, and McKeever distinguished themselves for Cornell. The game showed Harvard unsettled as yet in her play, and weakened by the absence of her captain.

Princeton had an easy week after the hard battle with West Point, defeating Virginia and Penn. State College by large scores. But there has been much improvement, meantime, in the work of the eleven, particularly in team-play, and Princeton is to-day playing the strongest game of the leaders. The forwards are more aggressive and sharper in their work, while the backs individually are hitting the line very hard and working well together. Kelly especially is giving notable service. The most encouraging feature of the back work is the rapidity with which they start and their accuracy in finding the holes. Added to which they stay on their feet. Smith has considerably bettered his quarter-back play, and will not weaken the team if he replaces Suter. Gailey, Armstrong, and Tyler are practically certain of filling the centre positions, as is Church of staying at left tackle and Cochran at right end. Brokaw has been playing left end, and so well that he may depose Thompson. Hildebrand remains at right tackle, and there are Booth and Geer, neither of them much inferior. Behind the line, Kelly and Baird are fixtures, and Wheeler, Reiter, and Bannard are all good enough for the remaining place. Baird will end the season among the best full-backs of the year—he is not at all fluttered by approaching tacklers, and though his punting is oftentimes wanting in direction, it has fair distance. His drop-kicking is excellent, and is likely to come to Princeton's rescue in a close hard game. If Princeton continues improving, her prospects this season are very flattering.

Yale's developing skill will be tested to its utmost this year in bringing the backs shown against the Indians last Saturday up to the New Haven standard. It is several years since such mediocre work was seen behind a Yale line. On Saturday the backs were very slow in starting, but, worse yet, seemed unable to find the holes made for them. The steadying influence of a veteran appears to be needed in the back field, and since Ely gives evidence of making a satisfactory quarter, it would not be a bad idea to try Fincke at full. He is sure in handling the ball, and can probably kick as well as Chauncey, while at line-bucking he is better than any of the present candidates. Hinkey is too light for line-bucking, and Yale has too little of that quality in her other halves to afford to keep him behind the line merely for his kicking. Besides, he is needed at right end, although this is not to say Hazen is unsatisfactory. With the exception of McFarland and Murray, the line did as well as could be expected of forwards with the game for which they are preparing a month off. Bass, Rogers, Murphy, and Hazen are open to no criticism. Chadwick had periods of really championship form, but his play seems to be influenced by how the game is going. He is too good a guard to permit himself to drop into mediocre work. Murray wasted a lot of energy at the wrong moment, and requires considerable drilling. McFarland showed inexperience, but, on the whole, really did fairly well against so strong a centre as the Indian Lone Wolf.

There is not a stronger nor heavier line in the country than that of the Indians, the centre and guards, Wheelock and B. O. Pierce, particularly being wellnigh impregnable. Back of the line Cayou and Metoxen are powerful line-plungers. Their kicking is weak, and interference only fair. Were the Indians strong in these two departments they would be unbeatable. But they are lacking, as might be expected of a team from a school that has been playing the game only three years in the finesse of football. Most of their gains were made by massing on Yale's left tackle, and in such plays Yale could not stand up against their superior strength and weight. On end plays, however, the Indians were not nearly so good, and a double pass would have probably fooled them.

At all events, the Indians played a splendid game, and received such an ovation from the spectators as I have never seen given a team. According to the official score, Yale won by 12 to 6, but the Indians made a second touch-down, which they lost through a clearly erroneous decision of referee Hickok.

Lafayette beat Pennsylvania Saturday in Philadelphia, 6-4, playing a hard, good game from first to last. Nevertheless, without disparaging Lafayette, Penn. lost because of miserably poor play, including fumbles by quarter-back Dickson and full-back Woodruff, and weak kicking by Minds. Penn.'s defensive work was excellent, and played for the most part in Lafayette's territory, but Penn. constantly lost the opportunity of scoring by her fumbling. It was rather an impressive example of the fallacy of preliminary practice. Penn. is to-day showing the poorest football of the leading colleges, and there is need of great improvement in handling the ball, else the end of the season will find her several places below the merited position of '95.

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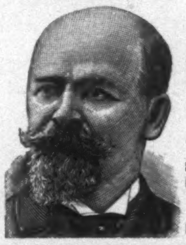

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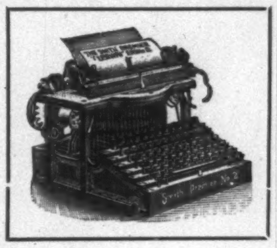

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